

THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 53—March 20, 1920

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Three-halfpence—Every Friday

50,000 DINNERS FOR HUNGRY CHILDREN

BATTLEFIELD OF BOADICEA

New Discovery in the Great Camp She Stormed

PIECE OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE FOUND AT COLCHESTER

Wherever we stand in these islands something thrills us with the feeling of the past. Now the thrill comes from Colchester, the Roman camp that was stormed by Boadicea.

Colchester was much more than a mere camp, or chester; it was a town of great importance, and many Roman soldiers, on being demobilised, married and settled there. It was the storming of this important place that led to the capture and death of the British queen.

She was the wife of a rich king, reigning over Norfolk and Suffolk in the early days of the Roman occupation.

Her husband died about the year 60, and, thinking it would save his kingdom for his daughters, he bequeathed his property jointly to his daughters and the Roman Emperor. But that did not save his kingdom. Boadicea was flogged and her daughters cruelly treated, and the brave queen led a great revolt against the Romans, in which, it is said, 70,000 Roman troops were put to death.

Most of us know that stirring poem by William Cowper in which he makes the ancient chiefs address their betrayed queen. Rome should perish, but the fame of these islands should grow.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Other Romans shall arise

Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize—
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Caesar never knew

Thy posterity shall sway . . .

Moved by the support of her people, Boadicea swept the countryside with her forces, and achieved a great triumph. She drove in her chariot through the lines of her army, thrilling them with the story of the wrongs done by the Romans.

But her triumph was short lived, and in the end the Romans crushed her, so that she took poison in her deep despair.

Many Roman remains have been found at Colchester, and the superintendent of the excavations, Dr. Wheeler, has now unearthed a Roman house, evidently destroyed by fire, perhaps at the time of Boadicea's attack. Coins, pottery, and spoons are among the objects which have been hidden in the earth for more than 18 centuries, and it is believed that further excavations will reveal other witnesses of the life of the days of Boadicea.

And Now Our Heart with Pleasure Fills And Dances with the Daffodils



The Children's Newspaper came out with the daffodils a year ago

100 MILLION TONS OF COAL DROWNED

The whole of the Black Country coalfield is in danger of being flooded out.

Five months ago we told how, after a long struggle with pumps, the water-logged mines of Tipton were abandoned, and coal estimated at a hundred million tons was left submerged. Nothing has since been done to cope with the huge quantity of water, which has steadily increased, and now forms a great underground reservoir in the derelict mines.

The result is that severe strain is thrown upon the pumps of the mines in the surrounding district, where the water was already an acute problem, the neighbouring pits being interconnected.

Whole Coalfield in Peril

Practically all the lower workings in the Black Country are under water, and there is grave fear whether the pumps in adjacent mines will be able to keep in check the increasing inflow of water from the Tipton area. Should the pumps fail, as they did at Tipton, the water must devastate adjoining areas.

As it is, many of the richest seams of coal have had to be deserted, and the

workable seams are being confined to the higher levels, where coal is inferior.

It seems improbable that the Tipton mines will ever be retrieved. The vital problem now is how to safeguard the surrounding district from a like fate.

The Water Creeping On

At only one mine, where the inflow is largest, is there an up-to-date electric pump. This is able to deal with the water at the enormous rate of 36,000 gallons an hour. But even this is not enough; the water is gradually gaining and a new electric pump is to be installed.

The population of the district is practically dependent on the mines, but, happily, large numbers of miners thrown out of work by the abandoning of the Tipton mines have been absorbed by neighbouring collieries. It is impossible to foretell the consequences, however, if the whole coalfield suffers disaster.

The Government is to hold an inquiry, and it is to be hoped that the result will be a vigorous and united enterprise which will come in time to safeguard the future of this important industrial area.

FIRE IN WATER

NEW WONDER OF THE SEA

Creating a Vacuum for a Man
Below the Waves

FLAME THAT CUTS THE STEEL OF A SUNKEN SHIP

Invention turned to evil ends enabled German submarines to send 14 million tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea during the war. Invention turned to nobler ends is to some extent repairing the ravages, redeeming the sunken argosies, or opening the drowned vessels and extracting their costly contents.

Really deep seas master us, but the bulk of the damage done was among vessels which were nearing coasts where the land slopes up to the mainland, so affording shallower seas, and here the diver may work with success. But, when a ship is reached, it may be as difficult to pillage as a huge safe to which we have no key. It may lie stern uppermost, with decks buried in the ooze, and it may be too heavy to lift. It must be opened like a monstrous sardine-tin as it lies under its burden of water.

The Possible "Impossible"

If we can build a great dam round the craft and pump out the sea, all is well; but when the water is too deep, and the diver cannot get inside the ship, how is he to extract the cargo? One of the prettiest inventions of modern science has now been applied to this problem.

Flame will burn on water—flame from the gas given off when fluid touches calcium carbide; flame from light oil floating free. But how can we get flame beneath the water, flame to burn holes in the steel plates of topsy-turvy ships?

Among the earliest lessons we learn in practical science at school is that we cannot have fire without atmospheric oxygen. Fishes live by breathing oxygen in the water, but that oxygen is in solution; they "drown" in the air which contains the oxygen we breathe. We cannot have flame under water in natural conditions. But science has made this "impossible" possible, and fire rages today beneath the sea and cuts steel better than a diamond cuts glass.

Vacuum in the Water

A beautiful contrivance performs the feat. Compressed air is forced down at such a pressure that the water is hurled away from a nozzle, which carries an oxy-acetylene flame. The removal of the water creates a space in which a vacuum is caused. Flame cannot burn in a vacuum, but with this invention oxygen is pumped out to fill the space which the expelled water has left.

That is the essential element for fire. The acetylene flame waxes fierce in a tiny zone of oxygen. The diver directs the flame on to the steel plates of the vessel, and by its aid cuts them without difficulty. He burns his way into the ship, and where he goes in cargo comes out.

Feeding the Hungry Little Ones

BRITISH CHILDREN HELP TO SAVE VIENNA

C.N. Readers Send Food for the City on the Brink of Starvation

A GOOD DINNER FOR FIFTY THOUSAND CHILDREN

Our appeal to the children of the United Kingdom on behalf of the starving children of Vienna has brought an overwhelming number of letters and subscriptions, so many that the Editor regrets it is utterly impossible to acknowledge them here.

As every penny subscribed must be sent to Vienna, with no deductions for expenses, it is not possible to incur the heavy cost of inserting special pages in this paper for printing all the names and subscriptions. The Editor feels that his readers will approve his desire not to incur this great expense, and he has, therefore, arranged for every contribution to be acknowledged by post.

The total received as we go to press is over 18,000 shillings.

It is enough to give over fifty thousand good dinners to hungry children.

NOT ONE HEALTHY CHILD IN ALL VIENNA

The most generous response of our readers is excellent, but the good work must be kept up. Everyone who knows what is happening in Vienna tells the same sad story. The great mass of the people of that city, which before the war contained two million inhabitants, live now on the very brink of starvation.

There is no store of food in the city. Often the supply fails, and then many of the people, who are all "run down" through want of food for months past, have to go without even their scanty rations, which are only just enough to keep them living on in a feeble way.

Other countries are being very kind. Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland, and even the Italians, who are very poor, have given generous help, particularly for children. The British who live in Vienna have undertaken to see that children up to four years of age are not starved. And there are 70,000 of such children.

We are sure there are no kinder people in the world than the British people, living safe in our lovely island home. If only they *know* they will do what

is right, though it may require some sacrifice; and now they do know of the state of Vienna, not only from tender-hearted onlookers, like our correspondent, Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie, but from officials like Sir Thomas Cunningham, the British general, who sees the city as the representative of the British Army. He says there is not a healthy child in Vienna, and eight children out of ten show signs that their bones are weakening for want of nourishing food.

It is reckoned that £75,000 more will be needed to "carry on" the kindness that is helping these poor people to endure. That sum will tide the city over the worst, till July, when food will be more plentiful.

Who will have the honour of helping to collect that life-preserving money? Every shilling paid into our shilling fund will be spent without a farthing's deduction for expenses, to buy a shillingworth of sorely-needed food.

Our readers have made a fine beginning. Will they please respond to the soldier's motto and "carry on," in cheerful continuance of their well-doing?

COLLECTIONS IN SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, & WORKSHOPS

Below we acknowledge a few notable subscriptions and collections:

	Shillings
Delleany, Leigh-on-Sea	400
Blawhill Public School, Coatbridge	212
Margaret and Arthur MacEwan	200
Lake House School, Bexhill-on-Sea	172
C. E. Goodrich and Daughter, Cambridge	105
Mrs. L. J. Peter, Minehead	105
Oliver Thompson, South Shields	105
Mrs. Louisa Conway, Dublin	100
Mrs. F. H. Hemmingway, Bournemouth	100
Daniel Penny, Salwick	100
R. S. W. N. Z., Manchester	100
Robert Chapman, Hanton	100
Isaac Poole, Elworth	100
Ciceley Carr Inglis, Dumferline	100
J. J. D., Jersey	100
Mother, South Shields	100
C. B. M., Ludlow	100
Betty Malcolm, Tunbridge Wells	100

Among schools and workshops that

have had collections are the following:

	Shillings
Hazeldon School, Stourpoint	70
Sneinton Girls' School, Nottingham	50
Standard V Boys', Barrow-in-Furness	48
Burrington C. of E. School	47
Pennybunt Girls' School, Bridgend	41
Reyrolles and Hepburn, Gateshead	40
C. of E. School, Long Whaddon	40
Girls of St. Mark's School, Hanwell	38
Church of Good Shepherd, West Derby	34
Employees of Messrs. Dent, Wigston	32
Open Air School Children of Burnley	30
Children and Staff, St. Michael's, Shipton	28
Children of Apperley School	20
Children of Danes Hill Road, Leicester	20
And the following: Council School, Cammarn Bay; Church School, Bristol; Church School, Bridport; Girls of Council School, Wotton; St. Ignatius' Boy Scouts, Salford; Woodhouse West Council School, Sheffield; Lyndale House School, Hindhurst; Standard IV, Girls' School, Spennymoor; Hayfield School, Glasgow; Garden Fields School, St. Albans; Harrow County School.	
Grand Total Received	18,000s.

WHO IS OUR OLDEST READER?

Who is the oldest reader of the C.N.?

A reader at Wolverhampton, allowing himself only one paper to save the strain on his failing eyes, is 77, but waits impatiently each week for the C.N., loving it for the spirit that runs through it, and laughing heartily at its jokes.

LIVING UP TO HIS NAME

Although I have lived for over half a century (writes Mr. Thomas Young from a Derbyshire manse), I enjoy your Children's Newspaper. It helps me to live up to my name.

Where To Send Your Shillings

It has been necessary, owing to the great flood of correspondence, to change the address of the Children's Newspaper appeal, and all subscriptions should now be posted to:

C.N. Appeal,

Save the Children Fund,
26, Golden Square,
Regent Street, London, W.

Every subscription sent here will be acknowledged by post.

THE WOOD-CARRIERS

Sad Procession Outside Vienna

THE HEAVY LABOUR TO GET A LITTLE WARMTH

By Our Vienna Correspondent

Hardly any trains run in Vienna, and very few vehicles of any kind.

A few rickety, primitive-looking cars drawn by horses have been crammed with workers; and I have seen perhaps a dozen large motor-lorries with people standing in them, wedged as tight as possible. This has meant great distress to many starved workers, though to me it has meant hardly any hardship, for I like walking. Yet this morning, as I walked along the rather dismal streets, I began to grumble a little.

It was raining, I had had only a bit of dry bread for breakfast, and after I had lost my way twice I felt sorry for myself, and came to the conclusion that I really must ask somebody to give me the use of a motor-car; when suddenly I noticed a little old woman, almost bent double, hobbling down the road towards me.

Courage of the Old Folk

As she came nearer, I saw that she had a bundle of wood almost as big as herself on her back. She looked thin and weak and hardly able to carry herself, yet steadily and bravely she hobbled along in the rain. It was quite evident that only by a tremendous effort of will could she reach Vienna.

Soon other carriers of wood appeared, and as one by one they went by me I marvelled at their courage and endurance. Old, tottering men and women, anaemic boys and girls, some with branches, filed steadily past me. They looked almost "done," they had come miles, and still had miles to go, and it seemed impossible that they could go on. Many of them, too, carried saws on their backs, for they had sawn the wood they were carrying.

Chance for Boy Scouts

So painful and pathetic was the scene that one could not help thinking of Christ carrying His cross. Often I have sorrowed for overburdened horses, but this procession of bent, tired, half-starved human beings was sadder by far.

How I wished there had been some fine, strapping, vigorous Boy Scouts or Girl Guides there! I know they would have been brave and chivalrous enough to carry these poor creatures' burdens for them. What a splendid sight it would be to see our strong British girls and boys bearing the burdens of these weary Viennese! As things are, our children cannot actually take the burdens on their backs and make an immortal picture in the history of the world's moral progress, but they can bear the burdens in an easier way: they can send the poor people money to buy coal and wood and food, or even wheelbarrows to wheel the wood in.

Worse Day by Day

These people are carrying home the wood, either to make fires in their cold houses, or to sell it for food. The worst of it is that things grow worse daily. Naturally the poor people cut down the trees nearer Vienna first, and as these are cut down they have to carry the wood longer and longer distances. At present they have to go five miles for it.

Think of going five miles in the rain when you are weak and hungry, then sawing through great logs, and then carrying them home on your back! Even for a strong man it would be a heavy task, and in this procession there were frail old men, frail old women, and delicate children. All honour to them for their courage and patience.

As I write a wood fire is burning in my stove. Perhaps some bent old woman carried it to Vienna on her back. So in future I shall do without a fire—and I shall not ask for the use of a motor-car.

John Smith of the British Empire

Not many yards from my window, as I send out the C.N. to the world, lies John Smith, one of the most splendid figures on that long roll of men who laid the great foundations of our British Commonwealth.

Yet who has heard of John Smith? John Peel hunts a fox, and all the world hears of him, but do ye ken John Smith? He was worth a thousand Peels, though no song sings his praise.

"Here lies one conquered that hath conquered kings," the monument not far from my window says, but Death could not conquer John Smith, and never shall. He is of those who live for ever, while the ages pass away. A. M.

John Smith's story is told in the new number of My Magazine, now lying side by side with the C.N. on the bookstalls.

Every boy and every girl in every school should read it.

THE MANHOOD TREE

Manchester School Arbor Day

PEACE TREES FOR HEROES

Blackley Municipal School at Manchester has been keeping up its good old custom of planting trees; it has just planted about 80 trees in memory of those old boys who fell in the war. The trees were planted so that the initials of the names spell Peace.

Arbor Day, which this school keeps so well, is an admirable institution which schools throughout the land should keep. No greater service can we render to our country than to make it beautiful by planting trees. At the Blackley Arbor Day, Mr. Ben Wilde, the enthusiastic headmaster of this vigorous school, read this greeting from the Editor of the C.N.

Peace to your boys and prosperity to your trees! Be sure that they will cast their shade over generations of boys who will see our country happier and nobler yet.

A great thing it is to plant a tree, and a very great thing in these days to learn the lesson of the tree. For what is that?

Above all other things it is the lesson of quiet and patient work, of steadily climbing upward; and if we only learn this lesson, if every boy and man, every girl and woman, in our land will learn it, our troubles will pass away. A tree works hard and makes no fuss about it, and it rises up towards Heaven, and we have got to follow its example, working without much ado, patiently plodding on, always arriving a little nearer Heaven.

So we plant the noblest tree in all this world—the Manhood Tree.

The founder of Arbor Day in this country was Mr. E. D. Till, the good old man who loved trees and planted them in hundreds in the village of Eynsford, in Kent. As a memorial to him a lych-gate is being erected at the ancient village church, and an appeal is being made to all who love trees and would like to share in honouring the memory of Mr. Till. Any subscription sent to Arthur Mee, Eynsford Hill, Kent, will be forwarded.

HANDS OR FEET?

A famous Russian dancer wanted to insure her feet for £20,000, and her hands for £20,000, but the insurance company would not insure both feet and hands. The dancer therefore decided to insure her hands rather than her feet, feeling that the hands were more important in Russian dancing.

PLAGUE IN THE STEPS OF WAR ONE FOUL THING FOLLOWS ANOTHER

Whole Peoples in the Grip of Typhus

TRYING TO KEEP BACK A GREAT PESTILENCE

In the Middle Ages, when wars never ceased, the dreadful sequence of war, famine, and pestilence was always seen, and again it appears to be coming true.

War, on a greater scale than was ever known before, has everywhere brought scarcity in its train, and famine in many places. But it has seemed as if, thanks to the discoveries made by science, pestilence might be warded off. Whether it will be held back and defeated in lands that are sanitary, and have a well-fed population, remains to be proved. Up to the present the health of the clean nations has been but little affected.

But in the nations that are ill-fed, badly-housed, and ill-equipped with the safeguards of health, and where war has swept over the lands disturbing the life of the people, the pestilence of typhus is creeping from East to West, and people are perishing in tens of thousands.

Dying Doctors

Russia seems to be the breeding-place of pestilence, particularly the deadly typhus, which has always followed like a poisonous fog, close on the heels of war.

In some parts of Russia the deaths are so many and the living so few that burial is delayed, or even impossible.

And now the pestilence is sweeping forward over Poland, and in many places prostrating nearly the whole of the people. The few doctors cannot grapple with their terrible tasks, particularly as scarcely any drugs are obtainable, and foods suitable for the sick cannot be bought.

The doctors, worn out by increasing work, and always in the midst of infection, are dying in large proportions, nobly brave. Out of twelve in one hospital ten have died. In Galicia 46 doctors have died; in the south, at the island hospital of Prinkipo, the chief British medical colonel has died.

Cleanliness Next to Godliness

Typhus is largely a filth disease, fought by cleanliness, fresh air, and good food, all of which are absent from the lands where it is raging. It yet remains to be seen whether the cleaner habits, better science, and greater prosperity of our countrymen will stay the plague. Probably they will, and this terrible effect of war will not reach us, or will touch us but lightly. Most heroic efforts are being made to fight the plague and to keep it from coming westwards.

With gratitude for our happier lot in a sweeter land, we may well mingle a desire to help those who are being so fearfully afflicted, and so courageously cared for.

ENRICHING THE LAND

How to Improve 14 Million Acres

The Board of Agriculture has sent out interesting hints on one way of making our country more fertile. It can be done, they suggest, by stimulating poor grass land with the cheap form of phosphate known as basic slag.

The greater part of the 14,000,000 acres of grass land in England and Wales, says Dr. Somerville, who has been experimenting with grass for nearly 30 years, is neglected, because it is looked upon as not worth trouble or expense, though properly manured grass would repay the farmer better than almost any other improvement.

Dr. Somerville's argument is that phosphates cause a ready growth of clover, which fattens sheep, and the effect remains, so that poor land may become thus comparatively rich land.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The Argentine Government has decided to use the 24-hour clock.

"Europe has been governed into a graveyard," says Mr. Zangwill, the famous novelist.

It took 21 cars to haul to Washington a huge statue of Abraham Lincoln now being placed in Potomac Park.

Waiting for Steel

Only 300 tons of steelwork actually arrived at the new County Council buildings at Westminster during the past year out of 2500 tons expected.

Cost of Peace

The expenditure of the British delegates at the Peace Conference in Paris, and the cost of their printing office, ran into hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Votes in Japan

The Japanese Government has decided to appeal to the public on the question of universal suffrage. It will be a tremendous step forward if it is adopted.

Government departments during last year used paper costing over £3,500,000.

Over £1,500,000 has been realised by the sale of table refuse in the army during the last three years.

The British Navy is to have a rat week, when it is hoped to exterminate the pests on warships and the docks.

America's Population

The American census is expected to show that the population of Washington is now 437,414, an increase of over 100,000 since 1910.

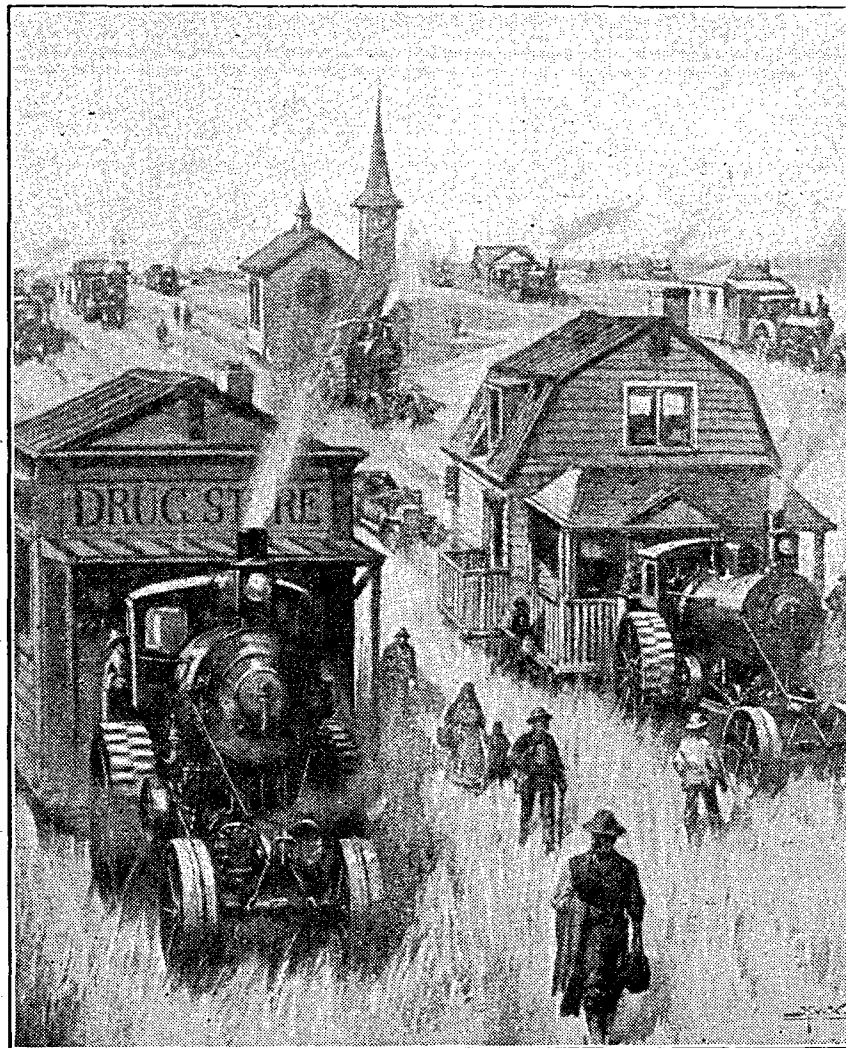
The Shortest Will

A correspondent sends another instance of a will in three words. It was made by Mr. Charles Thorn, of Streatham, in 1905, and read, "All for mother."

Children of Heroes

The Government is doing an act of common humanity. It has decided to remove from the workhouse the 650 children of soldiers who are still there.

THE TOWN GOES TO THE RAILWAY



When the mountain would not come to Mohammed, Mohammed went to the mountain. When the railway would not come to Ochiltree, Ochiltree went to the railway. Ochiltree is in Texas, and, as the new railway passed it by without calling, the inhabitants of the whole town hired tractors and moved across the prairie to the railway.

The Army That Never Demobs. By Sir Rider Haggard

The Salvation Army is appealing for half a million pounds, as much as would have paid our war bill for an hour or two.

Everybody hopes the Army will get its money. It is worth more to the world than most other armies put together, for it builds up where they destroy.

Here Sir Rider Haggard, one of the most famous writers in the English language, tells us what he thinks of the work of this great Army that brings salvation to the poor.

Using the natives of each land to come at the heart of each land through its own traditions, tongue, and customs, in no less than 66 countries does it labour; yes, even in the midst of the Russian Anarchy and among the criminal tribes of India supposed to be irreclaimable, but through it reclaimed by the thousand.

It is poor, numbering in its ranks not many of the rich or noble, yet out of its poverty everywhere it helps the poor.

Wherever there is a broken, hopeless man or woman, wherever there is an outrageous, open offender, a persistent drunkard or drug-fiend, a poor girl in trouble, a starving stomach, a thief, a planner of iniquities, an ignorant, untaught, or tortured child, a reviler of all that is holy, a doer of all that is ill, a wanderer in darkness, a dweller in the pit of despair, there, almost from Pole to Pole, is the Salvation Army.

Against all hateful things the Army sets its face like flint, pleading and fighting for what is righteous and of good report, pleading and fighting for what is disciplined and decent.

It is a point of light in the darkness of our days; it is a rock of defence against the tidal wave of troubles which the earthquake of war has cast upon us.

HUNGARY'S EMPTY THRONE

WILL IT BE FILLED AGAIN?

Nine-Hundred-Year-Old Crown Waiting for a Wearer

NEW LORD PROTECTOR

The Great War overthrew many European monarchs. Russia, Germany, and Austria lost their emperors, and Prussia, Hungary, Saxony, Bulgaria, Greece, and Montenegro their kings, while the kinglets of the smaller German States were not worth counting. It was a great deliverance for the peoples.

But there is one country that, from time to time, is said to be wishing uneasily for a king. That is Hungary.

The news from that ancient and unhappy land now is that a popular seaman, Admiral Horthy, has been elected to the proud position of first citizen of the nation. He is not a king, he is not a president; it is very interesting to note that Hungary has followed the precedent of Cromwell, and called its new chief Lord Protector of Hungary.

Horsemen Gallop into Europe

It is said that the Lord Protector, who was a very daring naval commander during the war, would like to see King Karl of Austria back on his lost throne, but this could never be allowed. What Hungary is wondering is, what will happen to the sacred crown of Stephen.

The story of that crown takes us back nine centuries in history. About the year 900 Hungary was invaded by a fierce race of horsemen warriors from Asia, called Magyars. Ruin and slaughter accompanied them everywhere, and soon the fertile Plain of the Danube was in their hands. Before the year 1000 they had settled down under a duke.

The bulk of the Magyars remained devoted to their cruel heathen faith and practices; but Christianity was spreading eastward from Rome, and in 975 the Magyar Duke Geza was baptised.

Good King Stephen

His son Stephen, who succeeded him in 997, and reigned more than 40 years, married a devoted Christian lady from Bavaria, and the two made it the work of their lives to spread Christianity and civilisation on the Hungarian Plain.

Stephen has not been written of much in Western Europe, for he worked in what was then a remote land, but he was one of the great kings of Europe.

When fighting could not be avoided, he was a brave and successful soldier. When good plans of government were needed he was a clever organiser. He saw the need of progress, and invited to his land men who could bring the wisdom of the West. He did everything possible to spread among his people the spirit and the practice of Christianity.

So, before he died, Hungary was to a large extent a Christian and civilised country, though in outlying parts the Magyars still clung to their old beliefs.

Crown with a Story

So great was his success that in the year 1000 the Pope sent Stephen a crown from Rome, and, by the choice of the Magyar race, he was crowned the first King of Hungary, Stephen I.

Can we wonder that the sacred crown of St. Stephen is regarded with pride and reverence by Hungarians? Every King of Hungary has worn it, and the Emperors of Austria were proud to wear it as kings of Hungary. Its origin was entirely honourable, for it kept alive the memory of reforms in government that have influence to this day from 900 years ago, and changes in religion that softened the Magyar character till it is now regarded as European, and not savagely Asiatic.

It is a striking fact that a man should have lived 900 years ago whose memory is so embedded in the Hungarian mind that it is asking today, amid the widespread ruin of kingship: Who is worthy to wear the sacred crown of Stephen?

THE BROKEN ROD MYSTERY OF THE HAZEL STICK

How a Somersetshire Vicar
Found the Well

THE WATER-FINDING MACHINE

The story of the search for water at Hurstmonceaux Castle has brought two interesting contributions. One is from the Rev. H. H. Streeten, who tells of an experience in Somersetshire.

For 20 years I was vicar of a parish in Somersetshire, and I do not think that any of our farmers would have sunk a well without first consulting a dowser.

When I went to the parish in 1896 our well ran dry for about three or four months in the summer, and I felt it would be necessary to deepen it. For this purpose I engaged an old soldier who was used to blasting through solid rock, and, at his request, called in a dowser from a village five miles away, who had never been in my parish.

He came, and after a time he told me that there was an abundance of water and springs under several parts of the vicarage garden, and that I need have no fear in going on with the deepening of our existing well. More than that, he told me exactly how deep the men would have to sink the well. "You will get a slight inflow of surface springs between 20 and 40 feet," he said, "but if you go 50 feet you will get right through the rock, and have an unfailing supply of water." And so it proved.

Clergyman and His Rod

But more than that. While the work was going on I had a clerical meeting at the vicarage, and happened to ask one of the clergy if he believed in dowsing. "I used to laugh at it," he replied, "till I found I could do it myself!"

We got him a hazel rod, and I took him to a part of the garden where I knew there were no springs, and asked him to walk towards a part where there were springs. At first he felt hardly anything, but, as he came nearer to the place where the springs were, the hazel rod drew his hands strongly down to the earth, and at last the stick broke.

The dowser told me that about 50 per cent. of the population have this power of dowsing.

The Little Needle that Moves

Another letter describes an instrument based on our professor's electricity theory dealt with a few weeks ago.

The instrument is known as Mansfield's Patent Automatic Water Finder, and has been tested successfully in all parts of the world, including India, where the Government has recommended its general adoption.

The instrument is really magnetic. Just above the earth's surface certain currents of electricity are said to flow, and these naturally take the easiest path, which invariably proves to be the neighbourhood of underground streams. The water-finder has a small magnetic needle, and this begins to move directly it is over a subterranean watercourse.

Instrument Like a Camera

When it is desired to find a supply of water, wooden pegs are placed in the ground at intervals, and the instrument is tested over each in turn. Boring is carried out at the spot where there is the greatest movement of the needle, and never does it seem to fail.

The instrument, which stands on a tripod, looks very much like a camera. When it is being used, a little white line at the top is made to point to the Magnetic North. The violence of the needle's movement depends on the volume of water underground.

It has often been remarked that buildings over flowing water are particularly liable to be struck by lightning, and here the fact is turned to account.

ERNEST JOYCE OF ANTARCTICA CUT OFF FOR TWO YEARS

Pulling a Sledge Over Fifteen
Hundred Miles of Ice
UNMATCHED FEAT AT THE POLE

There was a thrilling meeting in London not long ago. Sir Ernest Shackleton was lecturing and exhibiting his Antarctic films, when he recognised a familiar face in the audience.

It was Mr. Ernest Joyce, just over from Australia to be second in command of a new Antarctic expedition. Sir Ernest called him on to the platform and told what this brave man had done.

Ernest Joyce is one of Shackleton's comrades, and went in the last daring attempt to cross Antarctica. While Shackleton sailed in the Endurance to the Weddell Sea, intending to land and march, Joyce went in the Aurora to the Ross Sea, to lay food depôts from the coast up to Beardmore Glacier, ready for the party coming overland from the other side. But before many of the stores and clothes could be landed, the Aurora was carried away by ice, leaving Commander Mackintosh, Joyce, and eight other men stranded for two years.

Journey to a Glacier

In spite of their terrible position, the men, risking their own lives, carried out their mission. Such stores as had been landed they sledged across the ice to an old depôt which Shackleton and Scott had once used. There they found more provisions and some ragged additions to their wardrobes, and in due course, with only four dogs to help six of them, they hauled their bundle of food and fuel to the Beardmore Glacier.

It was an appalling journey, for insufficient clothing caused frightful suffering, and on the outward way one of the party, Spencer-Smith, broke down and had to be left with a three-weeks' supply of food, while the others pressed on.

By the time the end of the outward journey was reached, Mackintosh was failing, and when Spencer-Smith was reached on the homeward way, he, too, became helpless, so that the two invalids had to be carried on the sledges.

Blind for Days

Then a third man broke down, his muscles so constricted that he could not straighten his legs. He had to ride, crawl, and hobble. Poor Spencer-Smith died, but Joyce slogged on. He had scurvy and frost-bite, he suffered from snow blindness, but he pulled like a blind horse in his sledge-harness.

When it became obvious, in face of the blizzard, that the whole party was in danger of meeting the same fate as Captain Scott, Commander Macintosh was left in a tent with a comrade to nurse him, and Joyce, with the starving dogs and one sick man, pushed on with a healthy comrade to the base to get food.

Triumph and Tragedy

Famished, weak with disease, living on a biscuit or two and a cup of tea a day, they somehow got through, fed, rested, returned, and brought back Mackintosh. In so doing they established a record, for they had hauled their sledges for 1561 miles, an unparalleled feat in Polar travel, and for 400 miles they had had one or two sick men to nurse and carry.

After this stupendous feat there came a tragedy: Mackintosh and another man were drowned on drifting ice. Joyce then became leader of the survivors, and saved them.

It is interesting to note that among the men Joyce commanded during this long imprisonment was Mr. John L. Cope, who is to lead the new expedition which Joyce has come home to join.

ROGUE IN A NET SCIENCE WEAVES A WEB FOR JUSTICE

The Way of the Transgressor
is Harder and Harder

NEW USE FOR THE KINEMA

Though some kinds of crime have been increasing since the war ended, there is reasonable hope that science will increase its protection faster than criminals can think out new ways of being dishonest.

Good invention is always at work planning how to pick out the rogues who prey on their fellow men. Such rogues either imitate old tricks or start new ones. As the thieves are utterly selfish, treating all other human beings as enemies and warring against them by stealth, the first great safeguard for everybody is to know who they are.

That is what the police are always trying to find out. They pick out, as far as they can, and watch rogues for our protection. And now, in an ingenious way, they are taking the kinema as one of their helpers.

The Rogue's Disguise

The first effort of a rogue is to disguise himself; and one of the chief aims of the police is to strip off disguises, and identify the men who live by dishonesty.

At first the guardians of the public carried the features and figures of suspected persons in their memory—a very good way that will never be out of fashion.

Then they took to photographing all criminals who were caught. That is good, too, but not as good as the photographic plate of a practised memory, for a photograph only takes one momentary view of a man, and often likenesses change from posture to posture, from time to time.

Then wireless telegraphy came to the aid of justice, making the escape of a criminal much harder than before.

Next, a Frenchman thought of taking a print of the little lines on the finger-ends, which are never quite the same in any two people. Measurements of skulls and bones were added, and by means of these records a thief who is caught a second time can be identified by referring to his record.

But, though that is useful when you have caught your thief, it does not help you to catch him. The new kinema plan is to take a film of a suspected man when he is walking, so that all the little peculiarities, of which he himself is, perhaps, unaware, but which are seen by others, will appear.

Little Things that Count

It is not by men's features alone that we know them, not even chiefly by their features, but by their bearing, swing, gait, stoop, shuffle, tramp, and general outline and action. That can be caught and held by the kinema. Then, if a suspected man is "wanted" for crime, thousands can be set to watch for him at once.

"Do you know this man?" can be asked, as he walks, lifelike, across the stage, and everyone who has ever known him will know him again far better than from any description.

And so the kinema, which too often by its pictures has led foolish people into crime, is now being made part of the law's great net for gathering in wrong-doers for the protection of all.

SCHOOL RECORDS

We recently referred to a boy who had attended school for eight years without being late or absent once. Many even more remarkable records have been sent to us, including one from Aberdeen of a girl who was never absent or late in 14 years. Thirty-five other Aberdeen children had perfect records for over eight years.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY GERMANY'S GREATEST MAN

The Central Woman of a
Wonderful Age

ENGLAND'S QUAKER ORATOR

March 21. Robert Southey died at Keswick . . . 1843
22. Goethe died at Weimar 1822
23. England placed under an Interdict 1208
24. Queen Elizabeth died at Richmond 1603
25. Great Britain abolished the Slave Trade . 1837
26. Cecil Rhodes died at Cape Town 1902
27. John Bright died at Rochdale 1889

Johann Wolfgang Goethe

GOETHE is the German writer who has had most influence on the world. He was born at Frankfort-on-Main in 1749, the son of a doctor of laws, and became a doctor of laws himself.

The chief feature of Goethe's life, mind, and character was breadth, or comprehensiveness. He was interested in everything. He travelled widely, knew many notable men and learned from them, studied all knowledge more or less, tried to feel all emotions, and wrote about his feelings and thoughts in every way that men can write—poetry, drama, and prose.

He was like a bee that sips a little from every kind of flower. What he needed was self-control, but he only learned the lesson when he was old.

For more than fifty years the town of Weimar was his home. His greatest work was the drama of "Faust." Born into an age when the thoughts of men were narrow, he gave them breadth and range, but his wandering method lacked stability.

Queen Elizabeth

ABOUT Queen Elizabeth opinions will always differ. Leaving religion out of account, as the subject on which differences become most heated, some people will say she was a patriotic queen, strong and wise, who really cared for her people, and was felt by them to be "Good Queen Bess."

Others will say she was vain, showy, and fickle, abandoning her friends, and betraying some of the nation's noblest men; and these will say that she lives in history chiefly because she was a central figure in a wonderful age, which was crowded with great men who were content to serve her better than she deserved.

Whichever view of her we may take we shall be partly right, for each is in some degree true. And, however we judge her, her death is an important date, for it marks the union under one king of the nations of England and Scotland, who before had often been enemies.

John Bright

JOHN BRIGHT, the Quaker politician and orator, who, with Cobden, brought about the repeal of the laws taxing bread, was born near Rochdale on Nov. 16, 1811, and became a manufacturer there.

While he was overwhelmed with sorrow for the death of his young wife, to whom he was deeply devoted, Cobden visited him and appealed to him to help the wives, mothers and children of England who were suffering from hunger, and he responded as a sacred duty.

Bright was, perhaps, the greatest orator who has ever stood on a British platform. His language was simple; his sentences were always clear; and he had a voice with tones that thrilled the hearts of men.

Late in life he saw nearly all the things gained for which he had spoken in his earlier years, and, instead of being an agitator, became one who held back rather than went forward.

A WONDERFUL TREE

The "Blackboy" is a grass tree which grows in Australia to a height of ten feet. It contains a gum which has recently been made to give tar, tarpaulin dressings, lacquers, steam-pipe lagging, paint, stains, carbolic acid, motor spirit, alcohol, coke, and potash—a veritable chemical store in a weed.

Since that appeal was made the waiting list at Great Ormond Street has grown from 500 to 700—a tragic example of the pressing need of this great house of Good Samaritans.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 20 1920

Little One-Year-Old

WE are one year old. Fifty-two weeks have gone since we came out with the daffodils.

We came out a little afraid, a little shy among all these grown-up papers that seem to rule the earth, but with a great hope that there might be a corner in the world for us. There were those who said we should never live at all, those who said we might pull through, those wise people who said "We shall see!"

And now we have been on our first ride round the sun.

When you have lived through a year like ours you can hardly be said to be lacking in experience, for it has been a wonderful year in the history of the world. Our little barque has come through a storm-tossed sea, and come through great events. It has carried with it, too, the greatest company of children that any barque ever carried on the sea of journalism. No man in the world speaks to so many children week by week as the Editor of the Children's Newspaper.

It has been, indeed, a bright and hopeful year for us; truly we are marching on with the rising manhood and womanhood of the world to the New World that awaits us.

For we are young enough to believe in the New World coming. We can see the vision of it; we can hear the music of it every morning when we wake. It is just a little way beyond; the hardest things, the darkest days, lie all behind us.

We believe it all. We believe that war is passing from the earth, and that its power will scatter like the dust. We believe the League of Nations is the greatest thing that man has made, and that its power will spread like sunshine through the world. We believe with Shakespeare that there is a divinity that shapes our ends. We believe with Wordsworth that we are moving on to God Who is our home. We believe with Tennyson in that far-off event to which the whole Creation moves. We believe with Browning that the best is yet to be.

It is good to be young, to have a heart beating high with the hope of the glory that is coming, and it is very heaven to be young in days like these, with the glory so near if man will only grasp it. Bliss will it be to be alive in that great day, our Wordsworth wrote, and the day is coming.

We set out on another journey round the sun, wise with the experience behind us, conscious of the troubles that beset us, but knowing that our lives are in His keeping Who has brought us all thus far, and will lead us farther yet.

A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Matthew xxi. 16

PERHAPS, as it is our birthday, we may be forgiven for quoting a note from our post-box. It comes from Southampton, where the preachers are happy in their texts and forceful in their application:

In this circuit it is the practice for the morning minister to provide a sermonette for the children. One gentleman began by asking the children if they had heard of the Children's Newspaper.

"Yes," shouted one responsive hopeful; "that's what the ministers get their texts out of!"

Our compliments to our little man.

How Do They Do It?

ONE of those splendid fellows who entertain select audiences in London, and earn a Prime Minister's salary, by pursuing the noble trade of smashing other men's faces, has told a magistrate that he could not read or write till 1917, though he is now cultured enough to read big black type.

We are glad he is getting on, but it is all rather awkward for the Sunday newspaper which has lately filled its pages with his brilliant articles about how to make noses bleed, and other topics worthy of this Sunday paper.

Playing With Fire

MANY good things have gone with the war, but one of them, surely, is not the loosening of those County Council regulations that make our theatres safe. Yet at "Julius Caesar," in St. James's Theatre, the other night the whole audience was allowed to strike matches in the dark to see the programme.

Fortunately the whole audience was much too considerate and wise to do so, and there were only, perhaps, two dozen burning matches. But do not wise theatres forbid this stupid playing with fire by people who needs must strike a light to find out the author of Julius Caesar?

The Sham Bookmen

A GOOD man has just died in America who became famous by buying rare copies of books.

The roads men find to fame are very odd, and there are even living men, men who really love books, who make a great fuss about the number of first editions they have. And if the pages have never been cut, if the book has never been read, the fuss they make is all the greater.

How pitiful it all is to those who love books for what they are! The relation of this sort of thing to literature is a little lower than the relation of the organ-blower to music, and we prefer our penny Shakespeare to all these books of waste paper sold by auction, fetching enormous prices because they are uncut, unopened, and unread. The purpose of a book is to make men wise, not stupid.

The Madman

THERE was once a mad German named Nietzsche, and somebody has been remembering that he wrote these words:

You have heard that a good cause justifies any war, but I say unto you that a good war justifies any cause.

He was taken to a madhouse and lies in his grave, but we fancy we hear the echo of his voice wailing above the ruined wastes of a once proud empire.

Tip-Cat

A DAILY paper announces that Denikin has "taken a plunge into democracy." So he will soon be in the swim.

IN the firing-line: The stoker.

A COUNCILLOR complains that the roundabouts on Ealing Common are a screaming nuisance. He wants them to change their pitch.

ON BOYS AND GIRLS

BOYS will be boys; but in your joys Remember there are boys and boys, And don't make such an awful noise.

GIRLS will be girls; but, ask your brothers, Some girls are nicer far than others; The nicest girls adore their mothers.

MR. CHURCHILL thinks "the problems pressing for solution are not in the realm of words." Then why talk about them?

THE order of the day: Disorder.

A DESIGNING woman: A fashion artist.

A GROWN-UP weekly asks: "Should actors be licensed?" Some we know should not be.

HANGING by a thread: Coats's.

MR BONAR LAW thinks the future must take care of itself. We are leaving it nothing else to take care of.

God Made Us All

WHO will not sympathise with that wise man at Nottingham who protested against a hymn which says:

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate:
God made them high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

But is it not wise to read it all as if it merely meant that God made us all, whether high or low, and ordered our destinies, whatever they are? We can think of nothing farther from the truth than that God ordered some of us to be rich and some to be poor, and if there are hymns that really teach people this they are much better left unsung.

A good deed is never lost. He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

LONDONETTES

By Our Country Girl in Town

The Rider in the Row

"NICE idle way of spending life," said a voice at my elbow. A working man was leaning on the railings, smoking his pipe and watching the riders in the Row. "Look there!" he said. "Fancy a chap parading about here before he can ride properly! Look at that man over there; the woman's leading his horse!"

The couple had stopped not far from us, and the man, leaning down, was trying to strike a match on his boot. He broke several, and then the woman, looking at the workman, made a little gesture, inviting his help.

"Well, I'm blessed!" cried the man. "He can't even strike a match for himself. Oh, well, I don't mind."

He slipped under the railings and let the rider light a cigarette from his pipe. When he returned the cynical look had left his face. He said, in a lower voice, "Blind!"

The Bully

THERE are some very pleasant people on the Underground Railway staff, but this one looked as though he had taken the job because it gave him an opportunity for bullying people. A more disagreeable face you never saw.

Presently a lady, who had found no seat in the adjoining carriage, and saw room in ours, asked him, quite politely, if she might pass through. Well, she might have asked him for his watch and chain! He flew into a rage, he shouted, he asked her if she knew her own mind, and, even when she had found her seat, he bellowed down the car to know if she were asleep?

The poor lady flushed at his rudeness. Everyone scowled at the man. An old woman, wearing a shawl and a man's cloth cap, muttered that fares were going up because the public must expect to pay for lovely manners like that. But it was left to a very small boy to say loudly, and with an air of championship:

"That's a nice way to show your temper!"

The conductor slammed the doors, and evidently wished the small boy's fingers were between them.

Born For It

AN artisan boarded an Underground train the other evening, leading a small boy, and followed by his wife, carrying a baby. Two ladies in fur coats smiled to see the little feet dangling from its pelisse, and its large, intelligent eyes. A girl farther down nudged her mother, and pointed out the darling.

Soon everyone in the carriage was smiling at it, except two fat, elderly soldiers, who kept their eyes front, as though a baby were something indecent.

The mother basked in her baby's success; the father was bursting with pride; the small boy leaned across and spoke to the child so that we should see he was baby's brother.

Then the baby started to cry. It roared and howled. In vain did the mother shake it up and down like a bottle of medicine. The father looked acutely miserable. The small boy hung his head. The rest of the passengers, after a titter, assumed the expression of people suffering from toothache.

But the fattest of the elderly soldiers, whom I now perceived to be a drum-major, turned his purple face over his stiff collar and regarded the child with staring eyes. Then he said to the corporal, with great emphasis: "It'll be a sin and a shame if they don't put that child to music. It'll be going against nature. He's born for the trombone!"



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW
Is the March hare mad because it is not a rabbit?

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

TO SING FOR THE MILK,
KIND SIR, SHE SAID

Effect of Music on the Milking
Pail

WILD BEAST CONCERT

Music and the milking-pail seem far enough apart, but they will come together more and more if milkmaids follow the advice of Mr. E. P. Walker, of the Armstrong College, Newcastle.

Mr. Walker has for some years been studying the effects of music on animals, and he suggests that cows will yield their milk more freely if encouraged by the charm of music; and he mentions the case of one cow which cannot be milked properly unless a song is sung.

Queer as it may seem, the idea is neither fantastic nor revolutionary, but is based upon observation as old as Shakespeare's. Lorenzo, the lover of Jessica, Shylock's beautiful daughter, knew all about it, as we know from one of his speeches to his charming Jewess.

Music at the Zoo

It is true enough this animal love of music. Not long ago an aged war horse, turned out to graze, hearing the old familiar bugle-call at the adjacent barracks, leapt his fence, galloped to the parade ground, and there fell dead.

The late Mr. C. J. Cornish described in a delightful book the results of visits to the Zoo with a musician, various animals, reptiles, and birds being serenaded with violin, flute, and piccolo.

The wild cattle, the wild sheep, the bison, the wild asses and zebras, showed extreme delight at the melody. The bears quitted their food and marched to and fro in seeming ecstasy, the lions showed as much satisfaction as a cat when it is being patted; a tiger nearly went mad at the piercing sound of the piccolo, but was soothed to rapture by the mellow flute. The elephants were furious over the piccolo, and hated the violin, but swayed with pleasure as the dulcet tones of the flute were tried.

The False Chord

Alternately terror, anger, and happiness possessed the apes and monkeys as the various instruments gave out their melodies. The baby orang scuttled off with his blanket and hid before daring to trust himself open-eyed in the presence of the strange sounds; a gibbon raced up to the roof, much agitated, opening and shutting his mouth and waving his arms, until a discord overcame him, when he flung himself forward at the bars as if to attack.

It is a very striking thing that every creature on which the experiment was tried became terrified or ferocious. The wild boar was in raptures until a false chord was sounded, when he sprang back as if electrified.

Snakes and Pipes

The ancient legend about a besieged fiddler in the forest keeping off wolves with his music may have been written by an actual observer, for the Zoo wolves and jackals all showed the greatest horror at all attempts of the musician to charm them. They tried to hide, they ran with grinning, angry mouths, and with their hair bolt upright, looking exactly as when flying at their prey.

The snakes responded to the concert as they respond in the wilds, where an Indian native can charm the wild cobra from its lair with the note of his pipes. The scorpions had a spell of enjoyment, becoming immensely excited.

On the whole, the effect of music on the animals was pacifying, and there is every reason to believe that Mr. Walker's theory of music and the milk-pail is true.

We may soon expect a new version of the old song:

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?
"To sing for the milk, kind sir," she said.

LORD ALLENBY DINES WITH THE ARABS

THE Arab king of the Hedjaz has been entertaining Lord Allenby at dinner, and it was a great event.

The table was roughly 18 feet wide by 30 feet long, and accommodated some seventy people. Barefooted waiters in rich Arab costumes walked about on the table helping the guests to slices of the joints of roasted half sheep stuffed with almonds and rice and spices.

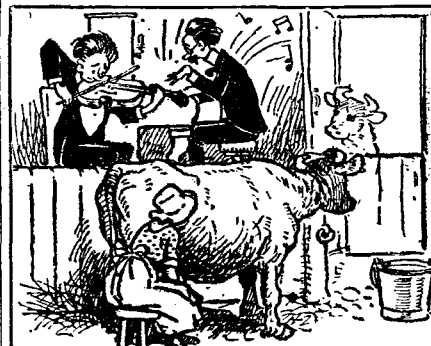
Each guest had three or four plates with a sufficiency of knives, forks and spoons, and round them some 20 or 30 dishes of all manner of salads, fish, roasted chickens, pilau of mutton, and sweets of every description—fruit salads,

quince trifles, freshly-made Turkish delight, and so on.

After dinner the servants handed round silver basins with ewers of scented water for the guests to wash their hands; they then retired for coffee. Guests of a lower degree then sat down at the dinner table, and, after them, two further relays of guests of decreasing degree.

The king was in high humour, and was particularly gratified at receiving a photograph of Lord Allenby, which he literally snatched when it was presented to him, and with oriental magnificence placed it against his heart, saying, "This is where it shall rest."

HOW TO INCREASE SUPPLIES



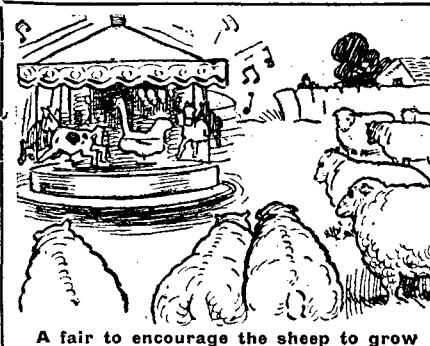
Music to lure the cow to yield more milk



Conjuring entertainments to lure the hens to lay more eggs



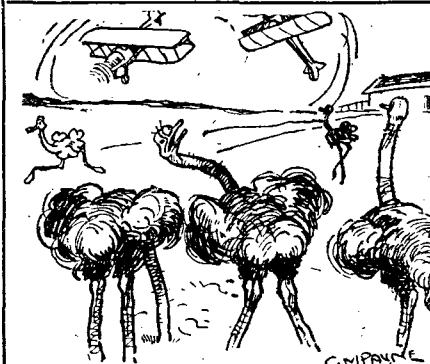
Dancing to speed up the honey bees



A fair to encourage the sheep to grow more wool



Fireworks to encourage the silkworms



Air-stunts to induce ostriches to grow more feathers

It has been suggested that music makes the cows yield milk more freely. Our artist suggests a few other ideas for increasing output

THE BEGINNING OF A·B·C

THE child's first step towards education is to learn the alphabet. Until that is mastered, "c-a-t spells cat" is a sentence of unfathomable mystery.

But untaught men and women, untaught communities and nations, are just as mystified by books and writing as the babies, until they master their letters. The alphabet is the first educational task of childhood, yet to create the first real alphabet was a masterpiece of genius.

Picture-languages served for communications as they serve today for the rank and file of the untaught Russian soldiers. To depart from pictures which tell their own tale, and to accept mere signs to convey ideas, was a tremendous advance, and scholars never wearied in seeking out the sources of the earliest alphabets. Mr. Eric Peet has been recalling some of the pioneer al-

phabets in a talk to a learned audience. He shows that a Jewish people had an alphabet in Sinai 1500 years before the birth of Christ, but that they borrowed it from the Egyptians. How they adapted the letters is indicated by the history of the letter B.

For this they took the Egyptian sign for "house" because their own word for house, "bet," began with the sound B. They had language, but no way of writing it until they went to the people of the Pharaohs for it.

The Phoenicians, says Mr. Peet, developed an excellent alphabet from that of the Egyptians, and the Greeks borrowed from the Phoenicians. Our own alphabet traces back to the Phoenicians. These great travellers and traders, who came to traffic with painted Britons clad in skins, are no more a people, but their work lives after them.

PUTTING PEACE ON A ROCK

HOW SELFISHNESS
STANDS IN THE WAY

Plain Man's View of the
Adriatic Crisis

ITALY AND THE ALLIES

By Our Political Correspondent

One of the greatest blessings man can have is plain speaking, straight and sincere, and the whole world has had a fine example of it in President Wilson's letters on what is called the Adriatic Question—the right division between Italy and other nations of lands on the eastern side of the Adriatic Sea.

To speak plainly, Italy has been acting with a selfishness that has shocked her best friends in Britain and America. These two countries are pledged, by their principles and their honour, to see that the results of the war shall be fair for other nations.

Before Italy would join in the war she made a secret bargain with Britain and France about what she should gain by taking their side. But, as the war went on, the conditions were wholly altered.

Enemies Become Friends

Large districts of Austria changed sides and were no longer Italy's enemies, as they had been, but were ready to be her friends; and at last Austria ceased to be dangerous in any way to Italy.

So changed were the conditions that Italy herself realised that the secret bargain was no longer fair; and when America came in, pledged to fairness all round, it was clear that new arrangements must be made.

The people of Yugo-Slavia, beginning the war as our enemies because they belonged to Austria, had broken away from Austria and were now friends of the Allies, trusting them to be fair.

So President Wilson made a just arrangement for Italy and Yugo-Slavia, which Britain, France, and America agreed was right all round. The statesmen of Italy knew that the proposals were fair, and were ready to accept them.

America's Plain Speaking

But the noisiest part of the Italian people, though their country had made great gains, persisted in pushing selfish claims quite contrary to the feelings of justice and right in other nations.

Then President Wilson fell ill, and his illness was followed by a deplorable event. America ceased to take an active part in the discussions, and as Italy pressed on her selfish claims, the British and French Governments, anxious for a settlement, weakly gave way to her, and even went so far as to use threats to make Yugo-Slavia give way to demands which were unjust.

Then, being better, President Wilson joined in again, and told the truth with the utmost plainness. What he said was that Britain and France had to choose between doing what they knew was wrong, hand in hand with Italy, or doing what they knew was right, hand in hand with America. If they chose Italy and wrong, America would stand aside and have nothing to do with them.

Right Must Win the Day

This plain and right talk brought both governments to their senses, for Italy doing wrong counts very little in the world, and America doing right counts for much—indeed, it affects the whole future of mankind.

So Britain and France drew back, and thanked President Wilson for releasing them from the fix into which they had weakly allowed themselves to be drawn; and now they are all earnestly asking Italy and Yugo-Slavia to arrange their affairs in a friendly way.

The story, miserable in many ways, is a splendid illustration, on President Wilson's part, of love of right dealing, enforced by plain speaking.

News of the Dumb World—Ants, Rabbits, Cats, Dogs, and Sticklebacks

A WASP MAKES A GREAT CAPTURE

Stickleback that Ate His Friends

THE OLD FISH AT ANTWERP ZOO

We have received a great number of admiring tributes to favourite dogs and cats, far too many to publish.

All of them are written in a strain of delightful affection, showing how good a thing it is that children should have the companionship of animals that care for them, and are cared for by them.

We thank those of our readers who have sent us these letters so full of kind feeling, but we are obliged to restrict publication to unusual instances of animal intelligence.

FISHES THAT KNEW A MAN

A Norwich correspondent describes a recent visit to the Zoo at Antwerp, and what he saw of the tameness of fishes there.

When the guide put his hand in the water the fish nibbled at it. When our correspondent put his hand in they swam helter-skelter to the bottom. If, however, the hands were filled with food, they came and plucked it from between the lightly-closed fingers.

A big old fish came at call and sucked the guide's finger, but he could clearly distinguish between the taste of it and the taste of other people's fingers.

HEN AND THE RAT

A Norfolk girl describes the defence of a brood of chickens by a hen.

Hearing a great commotion in the poultry yard, we went to see what was the matter, and found a large rat in the chickens' coop. All the hens were gathered round, making a great fuss.

When my mother came along the hens went away, and a rat came out of the coop. Instantly the mother-hen sprang on him and pecked him to death.

CLEVERNESS OF A WASP

A Windermere reader witnessed this scene.

A big moth was securely pinned to a setting-board, and a wasp that happened to pass that way noticed the moth.

Finding that he could not carry the whole burden to his nest, he bit each wing off, and then bit all round the pin. Having thus loosened his burden, he flew away with it, leaving only the wings and pin, which were no good for food.

LISTEN TO THIS TALE OF WOE

A Shropshire reader tells us a tale of woe about a tame stickleback, who, after acting the part of a good parent to a small shoal of young sticklebacks, suddenly turned cannibal and ate them.

Afterwards he "committed suicide by leaping out of the bowl in the night."

Both incidents seem to us to suggest that the poor thing was not suitably or sufficiently fed.

ANTS WORKING TOGETHER

Describing cooperation between ants in moving things too large for the strength of one, a Stafford correspondent writes:

I noticed a small ant struggling with a large crumb of biscuit, which he was trying to take to his hole, till he reached ground too rough for him, though he tried both pushing and pulling.

Then he hurried off, but before long he returned with another ant, and between them, with great perseverance, they removed the biscuit. It was clear they had some means by which they could communicate with each other.

MIXED FLOWERS ON TREES

A Sheffield girl sends a puzzle in plant life.

In our garden are three laburnum trees. One, supposed to be pink laburnum, has about a quarter of its flowers yellow; and another, supposed to be yellow, has some pink flowers.

The third laburnum is a yellow one, and on its branches are several sprigs of broom, or something like it. At the

top of the same tree is a branch like a tiny bush in itself, all with this little broom flower.

Some people say the broom has been grafted on, and others say the birds have dropped seeds there; but in 1918 the bush at the top was covered with yellow laburnum.

AN INSECT BATTLE

Here is a bit of observation by a boy living in the Isle of Dogs in the East of London.

While I was in our allotment I was pulling up the biggest stones, and under one was a family of red ants.

As I was watching them an earwig crawled among them. After looking at him for a moment some sprang on him and stung him, while others carried away the eggs to a place of safety. The earwig fought hard and killed a few of them, but after a lot of stinging and biting they at last managed to kill him.

CATS

PUSSY AND THE EGGS

This account of an egg-eating cat comes from a Buckinghamshire reader.

My father keeps hens, whose eggs are collected from the nests each day and put in a large box in the larder. Nearly every other day a broken egg-shell was found on the larder floor, and an egg was missing from the box.

So we watched and saw how it happened. The maid saw the cat steal into the larder, scoop an egg from the box with her fore-paws, drop it on the floor, and eat the contents, leaving the shell.

Now we have to cover the box up.

CAT'S BIRD FAMILY

A Monmouthshire lassie writes:

Last year we had a late hatch of 12 goslings. Some were placed in an old clothes-basket by the fire while the goose hatched the rest of the eggs.

Tissy, our Persian cat, took to the goslings and mothered them as if they were kittens. She sang to them and licked them, and if they got out of the basket she gently lifted them back.

PUTTING OUT THE CANDLE

There is a cat in South Ealing which, when younger, would put a candle out by patting it with his paw, but he has now given up the trick.

PUSSY'S HAND

A West Hartlepool boy writes:

We had a half-Persian cat, Jimmy, who had funny ways.

He would sit on a chair by the table on a baking day and wait till my mother put some currants on the edge of the table, and then he would curl his claws round one of the currants and lift it to his mouth like a human being.

A CAT THAT TOLD ANOTHER

A Norwood boy writes:

I was walking along when I noticed a lady trying to get a cat off a roof. She fixed a basket on the end of a long pole and put it out of a window, calling the cat, but it did not come.

Then a peculiar thing happened. A neighbour's cat, evidently seeing what was wanted, began meowing to the cat on the roof, which instantly ran over the roof and jumped into the basket.

TEDDY AND TUBBY

Two Scottish sisters write from near Glasgow, Dorothy describing Teddy, the Airedale dog, and Maud describing Tubby, the kitten.

Teddy has big brown eyes that seem to speak to you.

When mother goes to a certain drawer for her purse, he pricks up his ears; for he knows she is going out, and he tries to open the cupboard where the basket is. As soon as he can, he seizes the basket-handle and begins to show off by prancing about.

He will not let any other dog approach his basket, nor will he give it up to anyone except ourselves.

He has very strong teeth, and can carry the basket with two loaves, a pound of cheese, a pound and a half of meat, and several smaller packages.

Tubby was very frightened at Teddy when she first came, but now she goes

up to him and slaps him if he is naughty.

We have trained her to sit in the basket while Teddy carries it about the house.

Tubby is always eating, drinking, playing, and sleeping. She does not yet know what her tail is, and why it is always following her.

She is very inquisitive, and when mother is bending over a pot on the stove she will take a short run and climb on to her shoulder.

HOW A MOTHER CARRIED HER CHILDREN

A Chertsey correspondent sends an interesting account of how a cat carried three kittens two miles in stages.

A cat and three kittens were given to Mrs. S. C. Hall, of Addlestone, and were put in a box for the night. Next morning they were all back at their former home, two miles away.

The man then took them down the garden into a field and watched to see how the mother carried the kittens.

She carried one about 40 yards; then laid it down and fetched another, and laid it down by the first. Then she fetched the third and carried it about 40 yards beyond the other two, afterwards returning for them.

It would be a nice sum to calculate the distance travelled by the cat in bringing her three kittens two miles, and it is wonderful to know that the cat thought it all out so well as to carry the third kitten beyond the other two.

They were all taken back and secured, and the cat did not make the journey again. The work was too hard.

SOUND THAT BRINGS THE CAT

A Manchester correspondent has a cat which rushes into the house, wherever she may be, whenever she hears a knife sharpened.

A CAT AT SCHOOL

From a school near Newbury one of the girls sends an account of the school cat.

When we come to school it is always waiting outside the door. Directly we begin prayers it walks out of the room, or if the door is shut it looks up, as much as to say: "Please open it and let me out."

As soon as we go to the playground for drill it follows and watches us. When the evening prayer begins it goes back home, and we do not see it again till the next morning. It never goes near the school on Saturdays.

CONSPIRATORS

A Leicester reader writes:

My aunt, who has a cat and a dog, one day found both in the pantry. The cat, which could climb, was on the shelf knocking the meat down to the dog on the floor.

A LONELY MOTHER

A Flintshire girl gives a curious instance of mothering by a cat. Its four kittens died, and on the day the last died the cat caught and carried home a live mole, and was distressed because it would not behave like a kitten. The mole was set free.

RABBITS

WILD RABBIT TAMED

A Sussex girl tells of a quite wild rabbit that was caught, tamed in a hutch, and is now quite at home in the house, playing with the dog, and "longs to be made a fuss of."

RABBIT THAT BEGS

A Nottingham boy knows of a white Angora rabbit that runs about the house quite free, exactly like a dog or cat, and begs when it is asked to do so.

THE GRATEFUL RABBITS

A Dartford reader who keeps rabbits says that if he does not keep them clean they will not come near him, but when they are made comfortable they become as friendly as ever. They seem grateful for attention.

RABBIT SAVED FROM AN EAGLE

A story from Skye tells of a rabbit rescued from an eagle. The rabbit lives perfectly free in the house to which it was taken, and, when frightened, runs for protection to the youth who saved it.

TALES OF WISE DOGS

Travellers on Trains and Trams

PAPER-CARRIER THAT WILL NOT TAKE THE WRONG ONE

A Lancashire boy knows a dog that is so wise it will fetch its master's morning paper half a mile, but will not take an old paper—that is to say, an old paper looking unlike the right one.

DOG CATCHES A BURGLAR

A Kingston correspondent says:

My retriever dog, Floss, once belonged to a policeman, and accompanied him every night on his rounds in the country.

One night the police were searching for a burglar, and noting every passer-by. While crossing a cornfield Floss left her master's side and would not return, but soon was heard barking in the distance.

Then her master followed her, and found her barking in front of a man whom she would not let go, and who was the very burglar the policeman was looking for. Floss was rewarded.

HOW THE TERRIER TALKS

A West Ealing reader has a terrier which yelps when it wants water, and when it is noticed pushes forward its empty water-dish with its paw.

DOG ON THE TRAMS

This story comes from Bristol.

My grandmother has a clever dog called Jammy. When he is out by himself he jumps on the trams for a ride.

One day, in the car with Granny, he wanted to sit on the seat, and she gave him a whack, so he jumped out of the car, and, running on to one in front, mounted that, and waited for her at the end of our street, laughing at her.

Once, when Gran was in the car with him, he started barking and ran to the door of the car, and presently jumped out. Then she noticed that the car had passed our street!

ON GUARD

A Bournemouth reader describes a curious habit of a dog. Whenever he is left in the house alone he drags a soft cushion into the hall, and lies on it there until the return of the family.

A dog that changed his home

Do dogs change their homes sometimes? The question is asked by a North Devon girl, who gives this instance.

Billy was a terrier belonging to a friend of ours, and he had everything to make him happy.

His mistress brought him with her when she called to see us. When she went he did not seem anxious to go. Each time his mistress came he seemed more anxious to stay with us.

Then he began to pay us visits without her, and tried to stay all night. At last he so clearly wished to stay that she gave him to us. I believe the real reason was that his mistress had no children, and he came here because of me.

A BONE FOR HIS FRIEND

A Chippenham dog (his owner says) will steal a bone and take it straight to the kennel of a neighbour's dog who is too old to get bones for itself.

A DOG'S EXPERIENCE OF TRAINS

An Alton reader writes of a dog's travels:

My mother and I were staying with friends at Leigh-on-Sea, and several times took out their dog for walks. When we returned home we thought Jack was chained up.

The train stopped at Dagenham and Barking and then at East Ham, where we got out. On the platform Jack suddenly appeared.

How he travelled we have not yet discovered—certainly he did not travel in our carriage. And how he knew he must not get out at Dagenham or Barking is a mystery.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

The Year's at the Spring

SMALL LIFE ON THE MOVE

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

NATURE CALENDAR NEXT WEEK

March 21. Whirligig beetle now appears
Burying, or sexton, beetles are seen
Common gnat is on the wing
22. Magpie starts building her nest
Linnet begins to sing about now
23. The small tortoiseshell appears
Earwig is seen crawling in the open
24. Green woodpecker's cry heard
Ants begin to appear in numbers
25. Rook is now laying its eggs
26. Jackdaw begins to build its nest
27. The common toad spawns



The moon in the middle of next week

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Wednesday	Friday
Sunrise ..	6.3 a.m.	5.56 a.m.	5.52 a.m.
Sunset ..	6.13 p.m.	6.18 p.m.	6.21 p.m.
Moonrise ..	6.8 a.m.	7.48 a.m.	9.33 a.m.
Moonset ..	7.56 p.m.	11.41 p.m.	1.41 a.m.
High Tide ..	2.45 p.m.	4.34 p.m.	6.0 p.m.

Black figures indicate next day

Other Worlds. Saturn and Jupiter may be seen high up towards South, and Mars rising in the East between 10 and 11 p.m.

DAY AND NIGHT IN MARCH

Month	Day	Light	Darkness
JAN			
FEB			
MAR			
APR			
MAY			
JUN			
JUL			
AUG			
SEPT			
OCT			
NOV			
DEC			

This diagram shows the average daily light and darkness during the months of the year

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Plant the main crop of potatoes. Sow cabbage seed—Ellam's Early Matchless or All Heart—for summer and autumn supply.

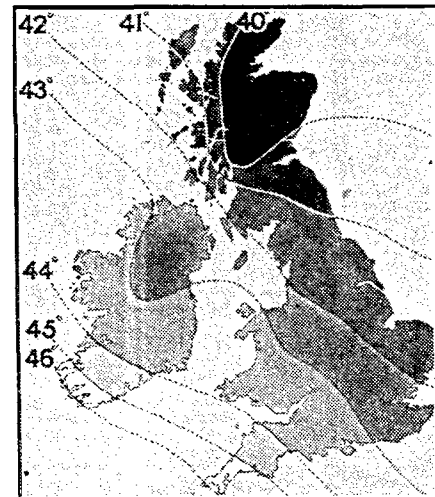
The planting of fruit-trees should be finished without delay, and, after planting, a mulching of some kind will prove beneficial.

Put sticks to hyacinths and tulips, to prevent their being broken off by winds.

Pay particular attention to mice, which often do harm to crocuses and snowdrops.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Temperatures of March



This map shows, in Fahrenheit degrees, the average temperatures of March in the U.K.

WHERE THE WORLD IS UPSIDE DOWN

We take these very interesting notes from the Shanghai correspondent of the Times.

THERE are many things in which the Chinese think and act in exactly the opposite way to Westerners. Even Nature seems affected. For in China the grass is green in summer heat and brown in winter rain, and in their gardens they sow spring seeds in autumn.

In China the men wear gowns and the women wear trousers. A Chinese, on meeting a friend, shakes hands with himself, not with the friend. In hot sunshine he shades not the nape of his neck, but the front of his head.

Returning home, he refreshes himself with a cup of tea, putting the saucer on the top of the cup and not under it. He likes eggs not new laid, but buried for several years. He drinks his wine hot

instead of iced. And his books are printed to begin at the end and work backwards, with the lines reading from the top of the page downwards and from right to left.

To kill your enemy is certainly not unknown in China. But the finest form of revenge, the classic method of heaping the greatest shame upon your enemy, is to kill yourself on his doorstep.

And yet no Westerner has a keener sense of justice, of honour, and of right and wrong than a Chinese, who, with all his contrariness and occasionally maddening ways, might cry with Shylock: "If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

And that is what the West often forgets in its dealings with John Chinaman.

Mrs. Britain and Family. By Harold Begbie

"THE British Empire!" There's a phrase that's used in Party shows; All day they bawl it in your ears or shove it 'neath your nose. The spouting chap he thinks he knows exactly what it means, But, bless your life, he never takes your heart behind the scenes.

THE British Empire isn't tons of sugar, tea, and rice,
It isn't something trade can mark with any fancy price;
Nor it isn't troops of soldiers, nor it isn't miles of ships,
And most certain sure it isn't *Rule Britannia* on the lips.

Now, this is what the Empire is: The Britons o'er the sea
Are kettles on a million hobs a-boiling up for tea,
Are cheery women bustling round on small domestic cares,
And little kids at mother's knee a-saying of their prayers.

Just slippers toasting at the fire ere Cowboy Dick returns,
Just Planter Donald's fireside talk of Scots and Robbie Burns,
Just children's games, and cupboard talk, and jests that once amused
Our granddads, and the homely use of words that Shakespeare used.

THE British Empire's British life, and, far though he may roam,
The pioneer across his pick will sling the British home;
He'll dig it into alien earth, and plant it east and west,
While Mrs. P. looks on and *diddums* something at her breast.

Oh, when you see the Union Jack, and feel inclined to sing
Of how our fathers long ago made earth's old anvil ring,
Don't go and think of scarlet coats and banners flying free,
But kettles boiling round the world for Dame Britannia's tea.

RED CAN GEOGRAPHY

Where the Power Comes From

How often, as a motor dashes past us in the street, do we stop to wonder where the power that drives it comes from? It comes, of course, from a little red petrol can. But where did the petrol come from?

It is interesting to know that half the petrol used in the United Kingdom comes from America—that is to say, about a hundred million gallons; and another hundred million gallons come from the following countries:

Dutch Borneo	33,500,000
Mexico	20,000,000
Egypt	2,000,000
East India Islands	2,750,000
Persia	19,000,000
British India	16,000,000

What a lot of geography lies hidden in these cars and their little red cans!

A BLOW FOR A FIGHTER

A sort of man whose name does not come into the Children's Newspaper, a well-known pugilist, has had a heavy blow. He is an American, and was to fight a Frenchman for a hundred thousand pounds, but first he asked what the income-tax would be if he won. Sixty thousand pounds, was the reply; and it seems to have been a knock-out blow.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES

We propose, week by week, to give a few verses from the Bible in French, for which all readers can find the translation. The following are from the Sermon on the Mount.

43. Vous avez appris qu'il a été dit: Tu aimeras ton prochain, et tu haïras ton ennemi.

44. Mais moi, je vous dis: Aimez vos ennemis, bénissez ceux qui vous maudissent, faites du bien à ceux qui vous haïssent, et priez pour ceux qui vous maltraitent et qui vous persécutent,

45. Afin que vous soyez fils de votre Père qui est dans les cieux; car il fait lever son soleil sur les méchants et sur les bons, et il fait pleuvoir sur les justes et sur les injustes.

From the Fifth Chapter of Matthew

THE AIR MINER

Pneumatic Pickaxe in the Pit

Everyone knows what a strenuous life a miner's is. Breaking up rock hundreds of feet underground with a pickaxe is by no means easy.

A Newcastle firm has now succeeded in making a pickaxe which works by compressed air. It is only sixteen inches long, and weighs 18 pounds, and the labour is done by air at a pressure of eighty pounds to the square inch.

STELLAR BEEHIVE

Dark World Encircled by Fiery Suns

A WONDROUS STAR

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

A very favourable opportunity occurs just now of finding the Praesepe, or what is more popularly known as the Beehive. Actually it is a beautiful cluster of stars, but to the eye it appears like a wisp of luminous cloud against the blackness of the sky.

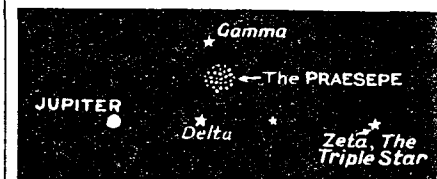
Dark, moonless nights, such as we have now, are necessary to perceive it, and brilliant Jupiter, being quite near, will enable us to find it easily with the aid of the accompanying map.

It should be looked for to the west of Jupiter, about eight or nine times the Moon's apparent width away, when it will be seen almost midway between two not very bright stars, Gamma and Delta of the constellation of Cancer, which, of course, means the Crab.

Remarkable Movements

These two stars have been known from ancient times as the Aselli, that is to say, the Colts of the Ass, and the star cluster, which appeared to the ancients as a patch of light, was known as the Manger, or Praesepe.

However, as soon as the first telescope of Galileo was turned upon them, there was revealed a vast cluster of stars, which, although appearing clustered together, are actually enormous distances apart. Good field-glasses will reveal about 30 of these stars, but in a powerful telescope over 150 may be counted.



Where to find the Beehive

A little way to the west of Delta there will be seen a tiny star fainter than either Gamma or Delta. It is called Zeta, and is one of the most beautiful and wonderful stars in the sky. In a powerful telescope it is seen to be, not one, but three stars, and astronomers who have watched and studied and measured them for many years, cannot quite make out whether they are fiery suns, or planets of some wonderful system glowing at a white heat.

Their movements around one another are remarkable. Two, called A and B, revolve around each other in about 60 years, while the third, C, revolves in an opposite direction, once in 17½ years, around a great world that is not bright and glowing like the others, and therefore cannot be seen. Astronomers know it is there, however, for they see its effects on the others.

We have, therefore, a remarkable state of things—a great, dark, central world, possibly something like our Earth, but very much larger, with these fiery suns going round it. It is rather like the idea of the old Ptolemaic astronomers, who, before the time of Copernicus, used to think that the Sun went round the Earth.

G. F. M.

STAMPS TO HELP THE SICK

An Idea for Our Hospitals

An interesting series of Swiss stamps appears at the end of every year bearing the inscription Pro Juventute.

They are sold for five centimes more than the ordinary postage stamps, the extra amount being given in aid of convalescent homes for sick children.

The earliest of these children's stamps bore pictures of Swiss boys and girls, and of peasants in national costume, while the later ones show the arms of the Swiss Cantons—the bull's head of Uri, the keys of Interlaken, the eagle and key of Geneva, and so on.

THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

A Tale of Terror and Adventure in the Sunless Depths of the Amazon Forest

Told by
Edward Wright

What Has Happened

A brief synopsis of what has happened will appear in next week's issue.

CHAPTER 11 A Surprise Attack

THE roar and flame of an explosion by the river path through the lower forest startled the enemy. Manco, having learned to blow up log jams, had borrowed some dynamite from the Britons, and blown down a mass of trees behind the war canoes. The river was closed to the rebel flotilla.

At the same time the concealed loyal forces, arrayed along both banks, half rose and took aim. Ted opened his engine out, and prepared to ram.

"Dead men ye all are if you do not surrender!" cried Manco.

The old Inca was no longer in disguise. Risking his life, he stood on a swell of ground by the mud flat, robed in the grey mantle and long gown of an Uillac Uma. Imposing he was in appearance, and stern of face. At a glance the rebels knew him, and, boat-load by boat-load, they dropped all weapons and lifted their hands.

Coming ashore, they were led to their girl Queen, who sat under the red mora tree, as silent and as solemn as a statue. As each man pleaded for pardon and swore to be true to death, the face of Joy brightened.

"I am glad there was no bloodshed," said Manco to Ted. "Most of the men we have won over will stand by us for love of their little lady. We can now prepare a surprise for the traitor Ollantay."

With more dynamite the river passage to the lower forest was again cleared, but, greatly to Ted's disappointment, Manco decided not to use the motor boat. It was left in charge of the three British officers, who were not at all pleased with their job.

"We must get to your father, Teddy," said Daish.

"You can't," said the lad, sadly. "Father is getting better, but he is held by the rebels as a hostage. If you attempted a rescue by force they would put him to death. You must all stay here, and act as our last hope."

"Well, if you recover the other motor boat, get into wireless touch with us at once," said Cheeseman.

"Right!" was the reply.

Manco then prepared for battle in a remarkable way. He had Ted lightly bound and placed in one of the war canoes. Three Inca tribesmen borrowed kiki shorts, shirts, and pith helmets from the naval officers, and were lightly tied up to look like white captives. Into the boat came Manco, who put off his robe of office and wore the loin-cloth of the native boatman. Joy sat beside him and Ted, trying not to look happy.

With songs of victory the flotilla went down the river. Rebel messengers took back the report that the Queen had been captured, together with all the strangers. Down the forest road most of the royal guard marched back, apparently dejected, towards the golden city, begging the men they met to let them know if Ollantay were likely to pardon them.

The manoeuvre was timed so that the marching soldiers and the war flotilla met by the water below the palace hill. Under the wall of the temple, Ollantay proudly awaited his supposed captives.

Rumour had it that there was Tupi blood in the rebel commander, who was dressed like a king.

Before him were borne the imperial standard, the sceptre of gold and imperial weapons used by Joy's dead father. Behind him was a multitude of retainers,

making the hill glorious with their banners.

"What amazing insolence!" said Joy, as her followers pushed her, with pretended roughness, out of the canoe. "He will not even lower himself to come to meet me."

"Play your part, dearest! Play your part!" whispered Manco, as he lifted Ted out, and laid him in the shelter of a terrace wall beside the three Indians disguised as British officers.

Joy walked towards Ted, bowing her pretty head in her hands, and, seeming to weep, sat down beside him. Her new men landed from their canoes, and, pretending to prepare against any rescue of their captives, drew their arrows.

"Sound the attack!" said Manco to the royal trumpeter, who kept by his side.

The piercing notes rang out, and were answered by trumpeters among the guardsmen.

From the river edge the loyal archers let their arrows fly fast and furious, while the guards charged up the farther slope on the flank of the unprepared rebels.

Instant, overwhelming, and complete was the surprise attack. Amid the confused and scattering forces on the hillside Ollantay vanished. Lacking his leadership, the rebel troops never attempted a rally. Many fled, and the palace was won without a struggle.

CHAPTER 12 The Tracker Tracked

TED had risen from his shelter and joined the charge of the canoe men from the riverside, leaving Joy, as he thought, with Manco. He led one of the parties that entered the palace, and there searched through the guest chambers for his father.

Colonel Lanaway could not be found.

"Alas, my lord!" said a doctor, "I cannot tell you where the Queen's guest is, but his wound was healing when Ollantay's men carried him away this morning."

"This morning!" cried Ted. "Then there may yet be time!"

Out he flung in wild haste. He saw Manco in the motor boat.

"Ollantay has carried off my father!" cried Ted. "Give me some guides and troops, and I will see what can be done."

Manco silently stared at him. Ted pushed out in a canoe towards the Inca prince, thinking he had been injured in the battle.

"Are you hurt, Manco?" he said. "My father is missing."

The old man breathed heavily, and looked on the boy with dulled eyes.

"I left you under the shelter of a wall with the Queen," he said slowly. "Why did you leave her without orders?"

"Has Joy gone too?" said Ted. "You were standing near us when I went, Manco. How did it happen?"

Manco seized him by the wrist violently, and dragged him to the engine.

"Make the boat fly," he said. "Do it at once! You flew when your own life was in danger. Fly now for the Queen! By the living glory of the Sun, I wish I had never brought you here. Save her, or I will kill you!"

His voice broke with the wild passion in him. He loosened his hold on the lad's wrist. Ted showed himself more of a man than his old and tried companion was. No boyish quickness of temper stirred him. He was too deeply troubled over his father and the loss of Joy.

Manco had sat down in utter despair. Ted knelt beside him, took his hand and stroked it—a

thing the old Inca had often done to him.

"Manco," he said, "there is no fuel for a long flight. You know I would fly if I could. Let me do what I can, and pursue on foot."

Manco rocked himself, and the glazed look again came in his eyes.

"You are a good boy, and I am an old fool," he said at last. "I ought never to have left the Queen with the canoe men. Some of them were traitors. I have made things worse instead of better. Ollantay is going to the mountains. We are all lost. What do you want to do, boy?"

"Stain myself like a boatman's son and work down the river," exclaimed Ted. "Then I can track on foot."

Manco shouted an order from the boat, and landed with Ted. A doctor brought leaves and oils. Ted stripped, and had all his body dyed a coppery brown; his hair was blackened, and made lank like an Indian's. In spite of his grief, Manco could not help laughing when he looked at the lad.

"I must send Ollantay a message of surrender!" he exclaimed. "I am too old. My mind is going. Look at his eyes! How are you

large camp fires blazed. Ted could see that multitudes of men were gathered round the big fires, but he could not approach them and listen to their talk, for fear of being discovered.

So he walked towards the darker side of the houses, and by a large unlighted building he suddenly stopped.

"When am I going to get any food in this hole?" said the well-known voice of Colonel Lanaway. The lad looked about. He could see nobody close at hand.

He walked round the building, which seemed to be some kind of village storeplace, and noticed a door with a single spearman guarding it. Back he went to the window, and there softly hummed a bit of "Rule Britannia." He was understood. The colonel began whistling the same air, and came towards the window: it was a small affair with a metal grating.

"Dad!"

"Sonny!"

They both spoke in the softest of whispers.

"Are you in danger, Dad?"

"Not at all," said the colonel. "Getting better. The Redskin doctors are clever chaps, but I



The Indian crept behind Ted and threw the cloth round him

going to change their colour, boy?"

Ted's eyes were of that violet blue that the East Anglian sometimes preserves to manhood. When his face was dyed a copper-brown the shining violet took an extraordinarily deep brilliance.

"I shall only work at night," he said. "No one will see my eyes then. In the daytime I shall hide."

Manco was still laughing at him as he jumped in a dugout canoe and began paddling down the river. The Inca prince shouted to him to return, but the lad steadily increased the speed of his strokes, and worked round the hill city, through the fields beyond, to another patch of forest. Here the timber had been thinned for building and fuel, and the waterway was clear.

As evening was falling Ted caught up with a strong loyal searching party, which had stopped, having been brought to action by an enemy rearguard.

After a brief explanation Ted abandoned his canoe and crept far into the woodland, narrowly escaped running into a rebel outpost, and rested until nightfall.

He then discovered that by the river there was a large Quichuan village of stone-built houses and barns. Lights shone from many windows, and in the tilled fields

can't understand why they brought me here."

Ted leaned against the wall, and began to explain things; but, in his joy at meeting his father, he forgot some of his training as a Sea Scout. Closer and closer an obscure shape crept towards the window.

It was an Indian who suspected something and wished to listen. He heard the whispered English talk, but could not understand it. Unloosening a cloth round his waist, he crept behind Ted, and, springing up, threw the cloth round the boy's chest and arms, and carried him away.

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTES AND QUERIES

What is a Casting Vote? A casting vote is a vote given by the chairman of a meeting when the other votes cast for or against an object are equally divided.

What is a Craft Guild? A craft guild is an association formed for the protection and development of some particular craft or trade.

What is the Military Medal? The Military Medal is a medal conferred during the war on non-commissioned officers and men and women for acts of bravery in face of the enemy.

Five-Minute Story

OLD FRIENDS

JACK THOMPSON was dissatisfied. He had fought all through the war, and had looked forward eagerly to the days of peace; but now, after several months as a civilian in an office, he had come to the conclusion that only a life in the open would do for him.

And one Saturday afternoon he had gone out into the country, to be alone with his thoughts, and to make plans for the future. He thought of his little savings, and wondered what he could do with such a fortune as £400.

It was a beautiful afternoon in spring, and he soon began to feel very much more cheerful, but the sudden thought of his daily drudgery in the stuffy city office, week in, week out, made him feel dissatisfied.

"I can't stick it!" he exclaimed; and then, realising that he had spoken aloud, he looked up a little startled.

But it was not only his own voice that startled him, for there was a loud whinny on the other side of the low hedge and the sound of galloping hoofs, and immediately afterwards a horse's head was thrust excitedly over.

Jack could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Why, it's old Dooney!" he shouted, as he rushed towards the hedge where the splendid blue-roan mare was pawing the ground excitedly, and waving her head in an ecstasy of delight.

"Fancy meeting you, my old pal! This is better than Menin Road, eh?" And Dooney seemed to know all he was saying—to remember that day when she and Jack had parted with the bursting of a shell on the Menin Road.

Suddenly Dooney pricked up her ears. Jack could hear nothing, but Dooney, half-turning, gave an appealing look. For she could hear her master calling.

"Dooney! Dooney!" came the voice again, and this time Jack heard it, too. It sounded familiar, he thought.

"All right, old girl. You go; I'll follow," he said; and the mare galloped off in high spirits, with Jack following. When she reached the gate of the farm the mare stopped, looked back, and seemed to say, "This way."

As Jack approached the yard he heard a voice he knew quite well say, "Steady, girl; what's all the excitement about?"

"Hallo, Cyril!" Jack shouted, as he dashed into the yard.

"Well, where in the world have you sprung from?" was all Cyril could say, as the old comrades grasped hands.

Cyril had been corporal in the field battery in which Jack had been a driver, and Dooney was Jack's mount. Many were the exciting times they had had together.

And many more are they to have, for Jack's £400 is to be spent on machinery for the farm, in return for his half-share.

So three old friends now spend together their well-earned days of peace.



Let Us Go the Happy Way



D! MERRYMAN

POET: "Do you remember my poem which I sent to an editor—the one called, 'I'll Never See Thee Again'?"

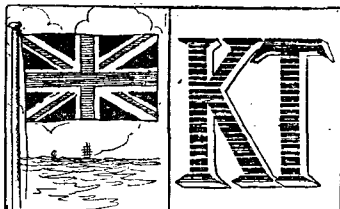
"Yes."

"Well, it came back."

Do You Live in Perthshire?

PERTSHIRE is the shire, or county, of Perth, and that name is from an old Celtic word for bramble, a plant that is quite common in the county.

Is Your Name Here?



These pictures represent a boy's and a girl's name. Do you know what they are? Answers next week

FIRST ARTIST: "Congratulate me, old chap, I've just sold my masterpiece to Mr. Newrich for £5000."

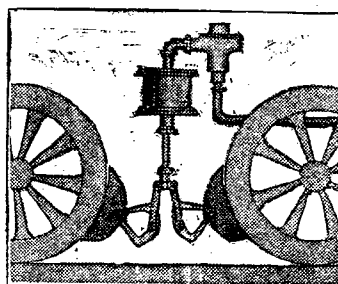
Second Artist: "Glad to hear it. The miserable old profiteer deserves to be swindled."

Six People Who Fast

THE miser fasts because he will not eat;
The poor man fasts because he has no meat;
The rich man fasts with greedy mind to spare;
The glutton fasts to eat the greater share;
The hypocrite, he fasts to seem more holy;
The righteous man to punish sin and folly.

PICTURES THAT ANSWER QUESTIONS

How Does a Locomotive Brake Work?



Air pressure forces the piston out of the cylinder, and this pushes the shoes against the rims of the wheels.

Can You Move the Sixpence?

HERE is a good trick with which you can amuse your friends after dinner.

Lay a sixpence between two half-crowns on the table-cloth, as in the diagram, and then place a tumbler on the two larger coins.

Now ask your friends if they can remove the sixpence without touching in any way either the glass or the coins.

They will probably give up the attempt before long, but it is really very easy to do when you know exactly how.

All you need do is to scratch the table-cloth with your forefinger, and the sixpence will move in the direction of the scratching.



This is London

This description of London was written in the year 1738.

HOUSES, churches, mixed together;
Streets crammed full in every weather;
Prisons, palaces, contiguous;
Gates and bridges, Thames irriguous;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye;
Outsides showy, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions;
Worth beneath a threadbare cover,
Villainy, adorned all over;
Handsome, ugly, witty, still
Some that will not, some that will;
Many a man without a shilling,
Many a tradesman not unwilling;
Many a bargain if you strike it—
This is London, how d'ye like it?

Is Your Name Marshall?

If your name is Marshall an early ancestor of yours no doubt held the office of marshal in some noble or royal household. This eventually became a surname in your family and was handed down to you.



Topsy-Turvy

What Is It?

ONE thousand, two hundred,
Nothing, and one
Transposed give a word
Expressive of fun. Answers next week

"JUST look at that goat butting my shadow on the fence," said the small boy as he moved away quickly.

"Well, that does not hurt you," remarked his friend.

"No; but if he likes to butt my shadow as hard as that, what do you think he'll do when he sees me?"

Not a Pipe of Peace

A VERY rude boy of Dumfries
Once bought a tin pipe and some peas.

When the parson went by,
He shot peas in his eye,
Saying, "Pick them all up, if you please!"

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES
How Old Are They?

Peggy is 14 and her father 42.

What Plant is This? Hollyhocks

The Puzzle of the Four Rooms

Each person in the rooms containing five bought five presents at 1s. each, a total of 50s. for the two rooms. Each person in the room containing six bought six presents at 1s., making 36s.; and each in the room containing four bought four presents at 1s. each, making 16s., or a total of 52s.

A Picture-Lesson in Geography

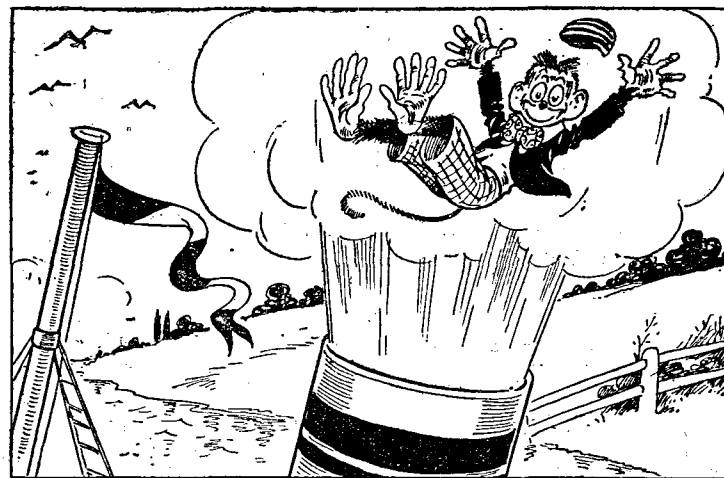
The places shown in the pictures were Bat and Ball, and Unthank.

Jacko Goes to Sea

JACKO was very angry when his birthday came and there was not a single present for him. It was hard, but, of course, it was all his own fault for being such a bad boy. He said his family hadn't the heart of a cabbage.

"They find fault right enough," he muttered, "but they'd miss me if I wasn't here. I won't stand it! I'll leave them! I've often thought of running away to sea. Now I'll do it."

He ran indoors, collected a little bundle of clothes, stuffed in an old torn copy of "Robinson Crusoe," a small hatchet,



A blast came up that funnel and sent him sky-high

a sausage, a handful of biscuits and a hunk of cheese; slipped his knife in one pocket and a handful of string in another, and darted out of the house.

At the gate he bumped into Big Brother Adolphus, very dandy in a shiny hat and white spats.

"Where are you off to?" he asked, eyeing Jacko suspiciously.

"South Seas, for the week-end," replied Jacko. "Coo!" he muttered. "Near thing, that! It might have been Dad!"

Five minutes' walk from his home was a river. Jacko arrived just in time to see a small cargo steamer being loaded up.

"Here's a bit of luck!" cried Jacko. "I've only got to wait till the men go off to their dinner, and then hop in and hide till we're well out to sea!"

It was rather a small boat to cross the Pacific, but Jacko didn't worry about that. He waited his opportunity, and then crept on board, and wriggled down among the cargo.

But he didn't stay there long; it was too dull.

"I wonder if it's safe to come out," he thought.

He poked his head up and looked round. There was nobody in sight, so he scrambled up on to the deck, and as the fresh air made him hungry, he pulled out his sausage and began to eat it.

High above him was the funnel.

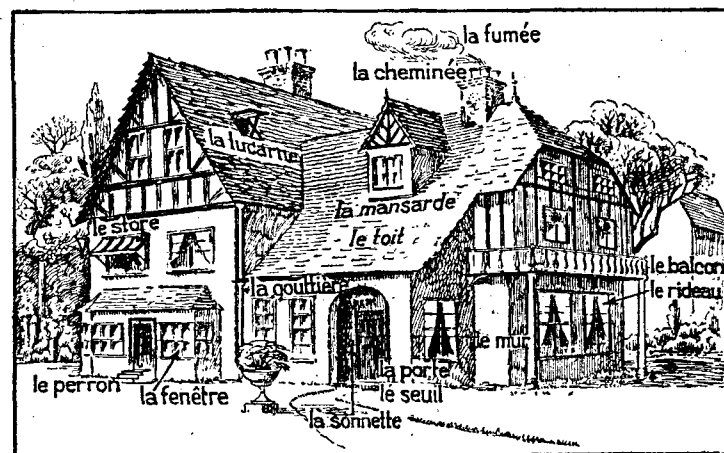
"Coo!" exclaimed Jacko. "That's where I'd like to be!" and, stuffing the rest of the sausage into his mouth, he ran forward and began climbing up.

It took him some time, but he got there; and he sat on the edge, whistling "I won't go home till morning!"

In the meantime, unnoticed by Master Jacko, the men had come back to the boat, and suddenly, to his astonishment, a tremendous blast came up that funnel, lifted him sky-high, and landed him sprawling on the river bank!

He was too astonished to say a word, and when he had recovered sufficiently to sit up the boat was steaming merrily away.

La Maison



The House

This picture will enable you to learn easily the French words for smoke, chimney, skylight, attic, roof, blind, water-spout, balcony, curtain, steps, window, bell, door, doorstep, wall.

Who Was He?

The Great Unknown

IN the year 1771 a Scottish father and mother were alarmed to find that the nurse who had charge of their little baby, a few months old, was in the advanced stages of consumption. They at once found another nurse, and, as he afterwards declared, this saved his life.

A little later, while cutting his teeth, he had a very bad fever, which affected his right leg and left him lame for the remainder of his life. Even now his troubles were not over, for when he was sent to the farm of his grandfather, a maidservant confessed one day that she had thought of killing him.

After a fruitless journey to Bath to see if the waters would cure his lameness, he was taken to Edinburgh and entered the high school, where he was a great favourite with the other scholars, though not a brilliant pupil.

At twelve he went to the university, and, though still not brilliant, was a great reader. A few years later he met the poet Burns, who was so pleased with his knowledge of literature that he said before all the company: "This boy will be heard of yet."

The youth followed law as a profession, but his real love was for literature. He wrote and published a number of ballads, and then, when 34 years of age, became the most famous author of his day on account of a long poem that has become a part of our best literature.

Other long poems followed, and then he turned his hand to writing novels, which were published anonymously and took the English-speaking world by storm. So many periods of history did they deal with, and so rapidly did they follow one another, that many critics thought they must be written by different authors. It came to be the fashion to refer to the writer as "The Great Unknown," although gradually the secret leaked out.

He made a great deal of money, built a beautiful home, and filled it with art treasures and fine books. Then, in 1826, two terrible calamities overtook him. He lost everything in the failure of a publishing house, and his beloved wife died. But he did not give in. Referring to his enormous debts, he said bravely: "This right hand shall work it all off." And by superhuman industry everything was paid.

He was made a baronet, and when he died, in 1832, he was buried amid the ruins of a beautiful old abbey. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Last Week's Name—Joan of Arc

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

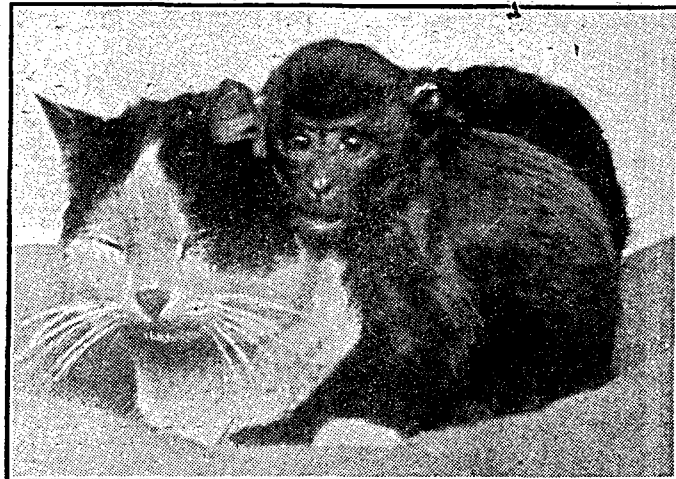
CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

March 20, 1920

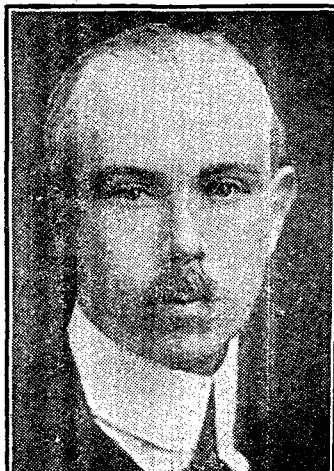
Every Friday, 1d.

Postage of the Children's Newspaper is 1d. anywhere; a year's postal subscription is 8s. 8d. A year's postal subscription to its monthly companion, My Magazine, is: British Isles, 15s.; Canada, 15s.; elsewhere, 15s. 6d. In South Africa, Canada, and Australasia all subscriptions must go through the agents given below.

POOR VIENNA BOY · A BRIDGE AS HIGH AS ST. PAUL'S · ROAD OF HELMETS



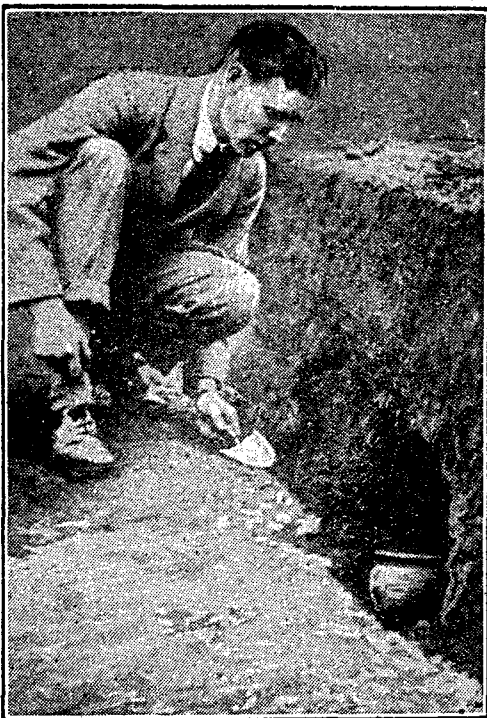
An odd friendship—These animals, which live in London, are inseparable companions and always take their meals together



Dr. Aston, of Cambridge, who has made important discoveries in the composition of the atom. See page five



Pony in hospital—Nurses dressing a pony's nose at the animal's hospital in London



Roman remains found at Colchester, in Essex—They include coins, pottery, and metal work. See page one



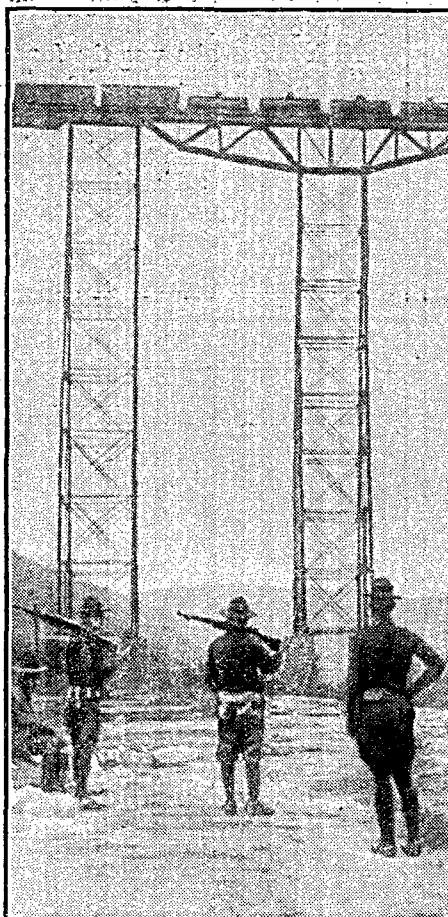
Shakespeare in the Army—A scene from the Taming of the Shrew, acted at Bedford by soldiers who learn English literature in this pleasant way



A little wood-carrier in Vienna, walking five miles for fuel, receives a food ticket from the mayor. See page two



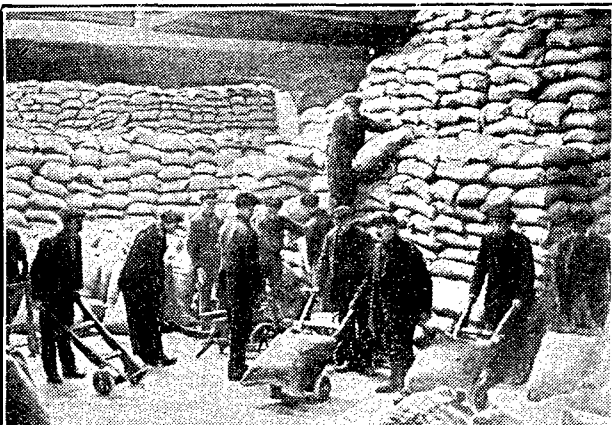
Probably the youngest cyclist known—Little Rodfey Parker, of Exeter, who rides fearlessly in the busiest streets



"Everything is high now"—An oil train crossing a railway bridge in the United States as high as the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral



The new use for German helmets—This strange road at Croydon is made of German helmets ground flat by a tractor



Tons of sugar waiting to be taken away—This is a familiar scene at the London docks, where enormous stores of food are accumulating owing to transport difficulties



London children hear about Australia—Parties of school children go to Australia House every day and have the natural history of the continent explained to them